



FAUST



READ AND RETURN

—TO—

MRS. MAME S. SMELTZER.

Shane Bana
May 2, 1987



"MY PEACE IS GONE, AND MY HEART IS SORE."

Page 260.

Faust

BY
Goethe.

FROM THE GERMAN BY JOHN ANSTER, LL.D.

*VIGNETTE EDITION. PROFUSELY
ILLUSTRATED AFTER NEW DRAWINGS*

BY
Frederick J. Boston



NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
MDCCCXCIII

COPYRIGHT, 1890,
BY FREDERICK A. STOKES & BROTHER.

TO
JAMES THOMAS O'BRIEN, D.D.*
THIS VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,
BY
JOHN ANSTER.

* Now Lord Bishop of Ossory, etc.

PREFACE.

LARGE extracts from this translation were printed many years ago in "Blackwood's Magazine." Their publication in the "Magazine" was probably the first detailed notice which the English public had of the Poem. In England we had our popular stories of Faust; his "Tragical Life and Death" formed the subject of ballads and dramas. The "Devil and Dr. Faustus" figured everywhere in puppet-play exhibition. "The story," says Warton, writing at the close of the last century—and who was himself fond of witnessing all such exhibitions—"frightens children at puppet-shows in the country-towns." When I first ventured on a translation of Goethe's Poem, it was natural that I should have called the hero not "Faust," but "Faustus"—the name by which alone he was known in England. The legend is of course German; but our Marlowe seems, as is acknowledged by Lessing—who was himself engaged with the subject—to have been the first who felt its dramatic capabilities. To have written the name "Faust," not "Faustus," could scarcely have been done, when my extracts from the Poem were first published. There would be

me inconvenience in now continuing this designation, and perhaps some impropriety in calling Goethe's Poem by any other name than that which he gave it. It may, however, be mentioned, that in the Second Part the hero is now and then called "Faustus," and it was Goethe's habit in conversation so to name him.

A few passages—very few—of this Book have the character of paraphrase; and these, perhaps, I might be disposed to alter, if it were not that when a reader of the original, who is led to look at the translation, complains of this, I incline to think that he does not sufficiently consider the position of those readers of whom chiefly, if not alone, a translator should think. "Translations," says Johnson, "are for people who cannot read the original." What such a critic as I have imagined complains of as paraphrase, may in some cases be absolutely necessary to render intelligible the full thought of the German words; may at times be necessary for the purpose of preserving some peculiar form of expression—metaphorical or even literal—which the translator thinks could not be omitted without injury, but which could not be preserved on any other conditions than those involved in what is called paraphrase.

An inconvenience of more moment may seem to arise from the use of paraphrase in the translation of a Poem so popular in Germany that many lines have passed into proverbs, and are familiarly introduced in writing and conversation in a variety of

applications. These, it may be said, should be given literally. Could it be imagined as possible under any circumstances that by any form of translation this effect could be produced in another country, there might be some meaning in what I feel to be a plausible objection; but a little consideration will show that where there is in the original an epigrammatic condensation of thought, it may be necessary, even when the translator has preserved or sought to preserve the epigrammatic form, for him to add a line or two expanding the compressed expression of his author, for the purpose of rendering it at once intelligible. I feel that thus only could many parts of the Poem be even readable in English. However, I am saying too much on a subject that does not affect as many as half-a-dozen pages in the volume. I allowed myself no liberties except those implied in the fact that I was translating a Poem, and was writing in the hope that the translation itself—at however humble a distance from Goethe's great Work—might be recognised as a Poem. I have claimed no privileges which the exigencies of the tasks they had undertaken did not compel such masters of the full powers of our language as Dryden and Coleridge to avail themselves of—and without the free exercise of which, to translate any poem faithfully would, I believe, be impossible.

After such an interval as has elapsed since the first publication of this translation, it is impossible that it should not now and then have occurred to

me to wish to make some changes. This will happen to one even in the republication of an original work—how much more in reprinting a translation, particularly where the work translated has been the subject of so much criticism, and where many eminent writers have sought to show this and the other passage in some new light. Perhaps the feeling that some changes might be here and there necessary, or might be expected, has been one of the causes of my hesitating to reprint the volume; but in truth, though I have looked over many of the books about Faust, which day after day appear in Germany and France, I have met with little that would lead me to any useful change; and I feel that any great changes of a printed poem are on the whole undesirable. I almost agree with Goethe in what he says in a letter which I find in the last book published in England of the “Goethe-litteratur,” Slater’s translation of “Goethe’s Letters to Leipzig Friends:”—“A printed book is like a dried fresco painting; it admits of no alteration.” A few passages, however, have been altered. The changes are for the most part unimportant.

There are a few passages in blank verse where Goethe has written in rhyme. As to the occasional use of blank verse by the translator, the example of its use has been given by Goethe in the Poem, which shows that in his view it was not inconsistent with the character of the Work; and in a continuation of Faust by Rosenkranz—an intelligent student of Goethe’s poetry—the same form is freely adopted.

I have no distinct recollection of what may have influenced me in writing any particular passage—perhaps often mere accident; but it appears to me that our dramatic blank verse, which I have occasionally written in, by its trochaic endings, enables a translator to preserve the character of Goethe's versification, which would have been lost had I ventured by the use of pure iambic lines essentially to vary his forms. To have lost the trochaic endings of the lines, would have been to alter the character of Goethe's verse essentially. To have, wherever such lines occur in my translation, sought to wed them to rhyme, would not do in a language where, as hitherto written in England, such rhyme, in serious poetry, only appears as an accidental variety. In the translations of Dante by the writer, known under the name of "Philalethes," and in that by Longfellow, the wish to preserve something of the effect of the Italian versification, has led both of these eminent men to prefer the use of lines with trochaic endings to the pure iambic, even at the sacrifice of rhyme. The preservation of the metre itself was felt by them of more moment, even in Dante—where the perpetual recurrence of the same sounds is forced upon the ear and mind—than the rhyme, which, after all, is chiefly of value as marking and timing the metre. But I must not continue this topic. To comment in the way of apology or of defence on what I have done or omitted cannot be pleasant to me. And perhaps I ought to add that there are cases in which, could I reproduce the

forms of the original, I should be tempted to think of the general effect, and rather to rely on forms with which our literature is familiar, than interrupt the effect of a powerful passage by imitating some unimportant peculiarity—perhaps accidental—of expression or of metre.

I would not willingly be regarded as insensible to the effect with which some scenes of the first *Faust* have been brought before the public in music, in painting, and in engraving; but I feel that on the whole they have seldom been true to the spirit of the Poem. The figure of Margaret is brought out with more prominence than was quite the Poet's purpose; and in dramatic exhibition the object of the Poet has been altogether disregarded and defeated by representing—for the sake of a show-scene—the fate of Faustus, as given in Marlowe and the old story-books. Even were the first part to be regarded as a fragment, this would be a misrepresentation of the fragment, involving a misinterpretation of every scene. In our day it is not improbable that the first and second parts will long be regarded as distinct poems, each interesting to a different body of readers; but I have no doubt that the time will come, as Goethe anticipated, when both will be felt to be in entire harmony with each other, and that the criticism will be forgotten which tells us this part was written at Rome—this at Weimar—this at one period—that at another; that it will be felt, not as the poem of his youth, or of his old age, but of his life. We are often told that

at one time in Italy nothing of Dante but the "Inferno," and of it only this or that favourite passage was generally read. Those who enjoy Dante now, think as often of the "Purgatory" and the "Paradise"—canticas at one time comparatively disregarded. In the same way we find the "Faust" dealt with; but it cannot long be so. Each day in Germany, in France, and in England, new comments or new translations appear; and in some of the Universities and educational establishments of Germany lectureships have been founded for the explanation and illustration of a Poem in which the nation sees not the story of Faust alone, and man's aspirations as in the old puppet-plays and the modern versions of the legend, but who find in it everywhere a record of the Poet's own life—of his own aspirings—of his fortunes—and of his friends.

"The Complaint pursues with tears,
The wanderer through Life's labyrinthine waste,
And names the Good already past away
Cheated, alas! of half life's little day."

The Poem was the work of his life—it was as far as he could, too, the secret of his life. I had thought of transcribing some sentences from Carus, the eminent physiologist and botanist—but I prefer referring to his publications of the last two or three years on the subject of his intercourse with Goethe, to making the attempt of abridging what he says. A sentence from Marmier must conclude this preface, already too long.

“C’était l’œuvre choisie de Goethe, c’était l’enfant bien-aimé pour lequel il se plaisait à amasser les richesses de la science, et les fruits précieux de l’inspiration. C’était la riante pensée, l’amie de sa jeunesse, la compagne de son âge mûr, qui avait pris l’habitude de le suivre dans ses veilles, de le visiter dans ses rêves, de vivre avec lui dans la solitude et dans le monde. Il la portait doucement, mystérieusement au fond du cœur, comme un amant porte le secret de son premier amour. Il n’en révélait pas les progrès, il n’en disait ni le nom, ni les caprices, ni les beautés ; heureux de s’être créé ainsi sa Galatée, il se plaisait à la faire mouvoir devant lui, à la réchauffer sur sa poitrine, à lui donner chaque jour une nouvelle vie avec sa parole d’artiste. Mais elle était pour lui, pour lui seul, et si d’autres regards venaient l’épier, il tirait le rideau sur son chef-d’œuvre. Une fois il était sombre, pensif au milieu du monde, et il songeait à son Faust. Une autre fois un roi venait le voir et il quittait ce roi avec plaisir pour retourner encore à Faust.”—MARMIER, *Études sur Goethe*, page 166.

DEDICATION.

AGAIN, in deepening beauty, ye float near,
Forms, dimly imaged in the days gone by—
Is that old fancy to the heart still dear?
To that old spell will ye again reply?
Ye throng before my view, divinely clear,
Like sunbeams conquering a cloudy sky!
Then have me at your will! My bosom burns,
Magic is breathing—youth and joy returns!

Pictures you bring with you of happy years,
Loved shades of other days are rising fast.
First-love with early Friendship reappears
Like half remembered legends of the past.
Wounds bleed anew;—the Complaint pursues with tears
The wanderer through life's labyrinthine waste;
And names the Good, already past away,
Cheated, alas! of half life's little day.

But, ah! they cannot hear my closing song,
Those hearts, for whom its earlier notes were tried;
Departed is, alas! the friendly throng,
And dumb the echoes all, that first replied.

If some still live this stranger world among,
 Fortune hath scattered them at distance wide ;
To men unknown my griefs I now impart,
Whose very praises leave me sick at heart.

Again it comes ! a long unwonted feeling—
 A wish for that calm solemn spirit-land ;
My wavering song lisps faint, like murmurs, stealing
 O'er Æol's harp by varying breezes fanned.
Tears follow tears, my weaknesses revealing,
 And silent shudders show a heart unmanned ;
WHAT IS, in the far distance seems to be,
The PAST, the PAST alone is true to me.

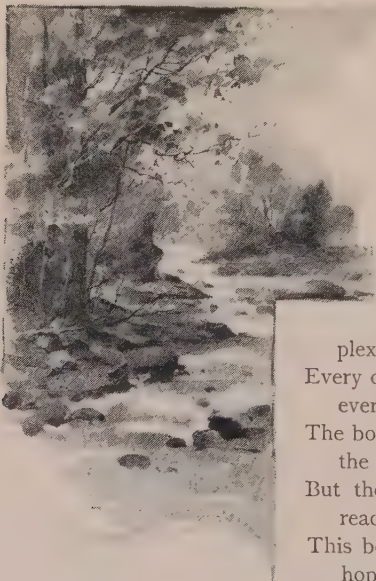
FAUST.

PRELUDE AT THE THEATRE.

MANAGER. DRAMATIC POET. MR. MERRYMAN.

MANAGER.

MY two good friends, on whom I have depended,
At all times to assist me and advise ;
Aid your old friend once more—to-night he tries,
(And greatly fears the fate that may attend it)
For German lands a novel enterprise.
To please the public I am most desirous ;
“Live and let live,” has ever been their maxim,
Gladly they pay the trifle that we tax 'em,
And gratitude should with new zeal inspire us.
Our temporary theatre's erected,
Planks laid, posts raised, and something is expected
Already have the audience ta'en their station,
With eye-brows lifted up in expectation ;
Thoughtful and tranquil all—with hopes excited,
Disposed to be amused—amazed—delighted !



"AND LEAD ME TO SOME LONE AND
SILENT VALE."

I know the people's taste—
their whims—
caprices,

Could always get
up popular new
pieces ;

But never have I
been before so
harassed

As now—so thoroughly per-

plexed, embarrassed !

Every one reads so much of
every thing :

The books they read are not
the best, 'tis true :

But then they are for ever
reading—reading !

This being so, how can we
hope to bring

Any thing out, that shall be
good and new ?

What chance of now as formerly succeeding ?

How I delight to see the people striving
To force their way into our crowded booth,
Pouring along, and fighting, nail and tooth,
Digging with elbows, through the passage driving,
As if it were St. Peter's gate, and leading
To something more desirable than Eden ;

Long before FOUR, while daylight's strong as ever,
All hurrying to the box of the receiver,
Breaking their necks for tickets—thrusting—jam-
ming,
As at a baker's door in time of famine !

On men so various in their disposition,
So different in manners—rank—condition ;
How is a miracle like this effected ?
The poet—he alone is the magician.
On thee, my friend, we call—from thee expect it.

POET.

Oh, tell me not of the tumultuous crowd,
My powers desert me in the noisy throng ;
Hide, hide from me the multitude, whose loud
And dizzy whirl would hurry me along
Against my will ; and lead me to some lone
And silent vale—some scene in fairy-land,
There only will the poet's heart expand,
Surrendered to the impulses of song,
Lost in delicious visions of its own,
Where Love and Friendship o'er the heart at rest
Watch through the flowing hours, and we are blest !

Thoughts by the soul conceived in silent joy,
Sounds often muttered by the timid voice,
Tried by the nice ear, delicate of choice,
Till we at last are pleased, or self-deceived,
The whole a rabble's madness may destroy ;

And this, when, after toil of many years,
 Touched and retouched, the perfect piece appears
 To challenge praise, or win unconscious tears,
 As the vain heart too easily believed ;
 Some sparkling, showy thing, got up in haste,
 Brilliant and light, will catch the passing taste.
 The truly great, the genuine, the sublime
 Wins its slow way in silence ; and the bard
 Unnoticed long, receives from after-time
 The imperishable wreath, his best, his sole reward !

MR. MERRYMAN.

Enough of this cold cant of future ages,
 And men hereafter doting on your pages ;
 To prattle thus of other times is pleasant,
 And all the while neglect our own, the PRESENT.
 Why, what if I too—Mister Merryman—
 In my vocation acted on your plan ?
 If on the unborn we squander our exertion,
 Who will supply the living with diversion ?
 And, clamour as you, authors, may about it,
 They want amusement—will not go without it ;
 Just look at me, a fine young dashing fellow—
 My very face works wonders, let me tell you ;
 —Now my way, for your guidance I may mention—

Please but yourself, and feel no apprehension.
 The crowd will share the feelings of the poet,
 The praise he seeks they liberally bestow it :
 The more that come, the better for the writer ;
 Each flash of wit is farther felt—seems brighter,

And every little point appreciated,
By some one in the circle over-rated,
All is above its value estimated :
Take courage then, — come — now for a *chef-*
d'œuvre—

To make a name—to live, and live for ever—
Call FANCY up, with her attendant troop,
REASON and JUDGMENT, PASSION, MELAN-
CHOLY,
WIT, FEELING, and among the choral group
Do not forget the little darling, FOLLY !

MANAGER.

But above all, give them enough of action ;
He who gives most, will give most satisfaction ;
They come to see a *show*—no work whatever,
Unless it be a show, can win their favour ;
Then, as they wish it, let them gape and stare ;—
Crowd scene on scene—enough and still to spare.
A show is what they want ; they love and pay for it ;
Spite of its serious parts, sit through a play for it ;
And he who gives one is a certain favourite ;
Would you please many, you must give good meas-
ure ;
Then each finds something in't to yield him pleasure ;
The more you give, the greater sure your chance is
To please, by varying scenes, such various fancies.
The interest of a piece, no doubt, increases
Divided thus, and broken into pieces.
We want a dish to hit the common taste ;
Then hash it up and serve it out in haste !

And, for my part, methinks it little matters :
Though you may call your work a finished whole,
The public soon will tear this whole to tatters,
And but on piecemeal parts their praises dole.

POET.

You cannot think how very mean a task,
How humbling to the genuine artist's mind,
To furnish such a drama as you ask :
The poor pretender's bungling tricks, I find,
Are now established as the rules of trade,—
Receipts—by which successful plays are made !

MANAGER.

Such an objection is of little weight
Against my reasoning. If a person chooses
To work effectively, no doubt he uses
The instrument that's most appropriate.
Your play may—for your audience—be too good ;—
Coarse lumpish logs are they of clumsy wood—
Blocks—with the hatchet only to be hewed !—
One comes to drive away ennui or spleen ;
Another, with o'erloaded paunch from table ;
A third, than all the rest less tolerable,
From reading a review or magazine.
Hither all haste, anticipate delight,
As to a Masque, desire each face illuming,
And each, some novel character assuming,
Place for awhile their own half out of sight.
The ladies, too, tricked out in brilliant gear,

Themselves ambitious actresses appear,
And, though unpaid, are still performers here.
What do you dream, in your poetic pride?
Think you a full house can be satisfied



"A THIRD, THAN ALL THE REST LESS TOLERABLE, FROM READING
A REVIEW OR MAGAZINE."

And every auditor an ardent cheerer?
Pray, only look at them a little nearer;
One half are cold spectators, inattentive;
The other dead to every fine incentive;
One fellow's thinking of a game of cards
One on a wild night of intoxication:

Why court for such a set the kind regards
Of the coy Muse—her highest fascination?
I tell thee only, give enough—enough;
Still more and more—no matter of what stuff,
You cannot go astray; let all your views
Be only for the moment to amuse,
To keep them in amazement or distraction;
Man is incapable of satisfaction.
Why, what affects you thus—is't inspiration?
A reverie?—oh! can it be vexation?

POET.

Go, and elsewhere some fitter servant find;
What! shall the poet squander then away,
For thy poor purposes, himself, his mind,
Profane the gift, which Nature, when she gave
To him, to him entrusted for mankind,
—Their birthright—thy poor bidding to obey,
And sink into an humble trading slave?
Whence is his power all human hearts to win,
And why can nothing his proud march oppose
As through all elements the conqueror goes?
Oh, is it not the harmony within,
The music, that hath for its dwelling-place
His own rich soul?—the heart that can receive
Again into itself, again embrace
The world it clothed with beauty and bade live?
With unregarding hand when Nature throws
Upon the spindle the dull length of thread,
That on, still on, in weary sameness flows,

When all things, that in unison agreeing,
Should join to form the happy web of Being
Are tangled in inextricable strife :
Who can awake the blank monotony
To measured order ? Who upon the dead
Unthinking chaos breathe the charm of life,
Restore the dissonant to harmony,
And bid the jarring individual be
A chord, that, in the general consecration,
Bears part with all in musical relation ?
Who to the tempest's rage can give a voice
Like human passion ? bid the serious mind
Glow with the colouring of the sunset hours ?
Who in the dear path scatter spring's first flowers,
When wanders forth the ladye of his choice ?
Who of the valueless green leaves can bind
A wreath—the artist's proudest ornament—
Or, round the conquering hero's brow entwined
The best reward his country can present ?
Whose voice is fame ? who gives us to inherit
Olympus, and the loved Elysian field ?
The soul of MAN sublimed—man's soaring spirit
Seen in the POET, gloriously revealed.

MR. MERRYMAN.

A poet yet should regulate his fancies,
Like that of life should get up his romances ;
First a chance meeting—then the young folk tarry
Together—toy and trifle, sigh and marry,
Are link'd for ever, scarcely half intending it,
Once met—'tis fixed—no changing and no mending it.

Thus a romance runs : fortune, then reverses ;
Rapture, then coldness ; bridal dresses—hearses ;
The lady dying—letters from the lover,
And, ere you think of it, the thing is over.
Shift your scenes rapidly ; write fast and gaily,
Give, in your play, the life we witness daily ;
The life which all men live, yet few men notice,
Yet which will please ('tis very strange, but so 'tis),
Will please, when forced again on their attention,
More than the wonders of remote invention ;
Glimmerings of truth—calm sentiment—smart stric-
tures—

Actors in bustle—clouds of moving pictures—
The young will crowd to see a work, revealing
Their own hearts to themselves ; in solitude
Will feast on the remembered visions—stealing
For frenzied passion its voluptuous food :
Unbidden smiles and tears unconscious start.
For oh ! the secrets of the poet's art,
What are they but the dreams of the young heart ?
Oh ! 'tis the young enjoy the poet's mood,
Float with him on imagination's wing,
Think all his thoughts, are his in every thing,
Are, while they dream not of it, all they see :
Youth—youth is the true time for sympathy.
This is the sort of drink to take the town ;
Flavour it to their taste, they gulp it down.
Your true admirer is the generous spirit,
Unformed, unspoiled, he feels all kindred merit
As if of his own being it were part,
And growing with the growth of his own heart ;



UNBIDDEN SMILES AND TEARS UNCONSCIOUS START."

Feels gratitude, because he feels that truth
Is taught him by the poet—this is Youth;
Nothing can please your *grown* ones, they're so
 knowing,
And no one thanks the poet but the growing.

POET.

Give me, oh! give me back the days
When I—I too—was young—
And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour
New consciousness of power.
Oh happy, happy time, above all praise!
Then thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies
 sprung,
And found a language in unbidden lays;
Unintermitted streams from fountains ever flowing.
 Then, as I wander'd free,
 In every field, for me
 Its thousand flowers were blowing!
A veil through which I did not see,
 A thin veil o'er the world was thrown
In every bud a mystery;
 Magic in every thing unknown :—
The fields, the grove, the air was haunted,
And all that age has disenchanted.
Yes! give me—give me back the days of youth,
Poor, yet how rich!—my glad inheritance
The inextinguishable love of truth,
While life's realities were all romance—
Give me, oh! give youth's passions unconfined,
The rush of joy that felt almost like pain,

Its hate, its love, its own tumultuous mind ;—
Give me my youth again !

MR. MERRYMAN.

Why, my dear friend, for youth thus sigh and prattle,

'Twould be a very good thing in a battle ;
Or on your arm if a fine girl were leaning,
Then, I admit, the wish would have some meaning ;
In running for a bet, to clear the distance,
A young man's sinews would be some assistance ;
Or if, after a dance, a man was thinking
Of reeling out the night in glorious drinking ;
But you have only among chords, well known
Of the familiar harp, with graceful finger
Freely to stray at large, or fondly linger,
Courting some wandering fancies of your own ;
While, with capricious windings and delays,
Loitering, or lost in an enchanted maze
Of sweet sounds, the rich melody, at will
Gliding, here rests, here indolently strays,
Is ever free, yet evermore obeys
The hidden guide, that journeys with it still.
This is, old gentleman, your occupation,
Nor think that it makes less our veneration.
" Age," says the song, " the faculties bewildering,
Renders men childish"—no ! it finds them children.

MANAGER.

Come, come, no more of this absurd inventory
Of flattering phrases—courteous—complimentary.

You both lose time in words unnecessary,
Playing with language thus at fetch and carry ;
Think not of tuning now or preparation,
Strike up, my boy—no fear—no hesitation,
Till you commence no chance of inspiration.
But once assume the poet—then the fire
From Heaven will come to kindle and inspire.
Strong drink is what we want to gull the people,
A hearty, brisk, and animating tippie ;
Come, come, no more delay, no more excuses,
The stuff we ask you for, at once produce us.
Lose this day loitering—'twill be the same story
To-morrow—and the next more dilatory ;
Then indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest ? seize this very minute—
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it,
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—
Begin it, and the work will be completed !
You know our German bards, like bold adventurers,
Bring out whate'er they please, and laugh at cen-
surers,
Then do not think to-day of sparing scenery—
Command enough of dresses and machinery ;
Use as you please—fire, water, thunder, levin—
The greater and the lesser lights of Heaven.
Squander away the stars at your free pleasure,
And build up rocks and mountains without measure.
Of birds and beasts we've plenty here to lavish,
Come, cast away all apprehensions slavish—

Strut, on our narrow stage, with lofty stature,
As moving through the circle of wide nature.
With swiftest speed, in calm thought weighing well
Each movement—move from HEAVEN through
EARTH to HELL.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

DER HERR, THE HEAVENLY HOSTS,
afterwards MEPHISTOPHELES.

The three Archangels come forward.

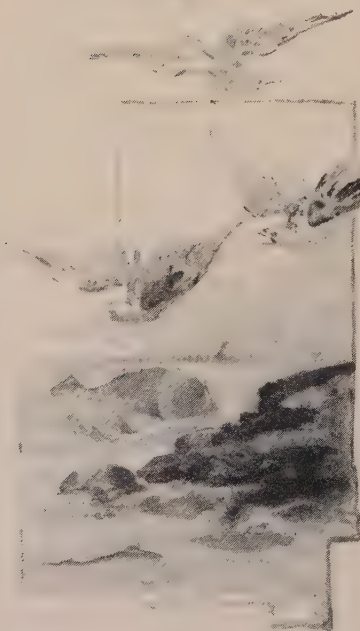
RAPHAEL.

THE sun, as in the ancient days,
'Mong sister stars in rival song,
His destined path observes, obeys,
And still in thunder rolls along :
New strength and full beatitude
The angels gather from his sight,
Mysterious all—yet all is good,
All fair as at the birth of light !

GABRIEL.

Swift, unimaginably swift,
Soft spins the earth, and glories bright
Of mid-day Eden change and shift
To shades of deep and spectral night.
The vexed sea foams—waves leap and moan,
And chide the rocks with insult hoarse,
 nd wave and rock are hurried on,
And suns and stars in endless course.

MICHAEL.



And winds with
winds mad war
maintain,

From sea to land,
from land to sea;

And heave
round
earth, a

living chain
Of interwoven
agency.—

Guides of the burst-
ing thunder-
peal,

Fast lightnings flash
with deadly ray,

While, Lord, with
Thee thy ser-
vants feel

Calm effluence of
abiding day.

ALL.

"THE VEXED SEA FOAMS—WAVES LEAP AND
MOAN."

New strength and
full beatitude

The angels gather from thy sight;
Mysterious all, yet all is good,
All fair as at the birth of light.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Since Thou, O Lord, dost visit us once more,
To ask how things are going on, and since
You have received me kindly heretofore,
I venture to the levee of my prince.
Pardon me, if I fail, after the sort
Of bending courtiers here, to pay my court ;
The company is far too fine for me,
They smile with scorn such folk in Heaven to see.
High hymns and solemn words are not my forte.
Pathos from me would look too like a joke ;
Words, that from others had set angels weeping,
To laughter would your very self provoke,
If laughter were not wholly out of keeping.
Nothing of suns or worlds have I to say,
I only see how men fret on their day ;
The little god of earth is still the same
Strange thing he was, when first to life he came ;
That life were somewhat better, if the light
Of Heaven had not been given to spoil him quite.
Reason he calls it—see its blessed fruit,
Than the brute beast man is a beastlier brute ;
He seems to me, if I may venture on
Such a comparison, to be like one
Of those long lank-legged grasshoppers, whose
 song
The self-same creak, chirps, as they bound along,
Monotonous and restless in the grass,
'Twere well 'twas in grass always ; but, alas,
They thrust their snouts in every filth they pass.

Der Herr.

Hast thou no more than this to say,
Thou, who complainest every day?
Are all things evil in thy sight?
Does nothing on the earth move right?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not any thing, my lord—poor men so fervent
And foolish are—I almost feel compassion.

Der Herr.

Dost thou know Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The doctor?

Der Herr.

Yes : my servant.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Truly, he serves in a peculiar fashion ;
Child though he be of human birth,
His food and drink are not of earth.
Foolish—even he at times will feel
The folly in such hopes to deal : —
His fancies hurry him afar ;
Of Heaven he asks its highest star ;
Self-willed and spoiled, in mad pursuit,
Of earth demands its fairest fruit ;

And all that both can give supplied,
Behold him still unsatisfied !

Der Herr.

Yes : for he serves in a perplexing scene,
That oft misleads him. Still his WILL is right ;
Soon comes the time to lead him into light.
Now is the first prophetic green,
The hopes and promises of spring,
The unformed bud and blossoming ;
And he who reared the tree and knows the clime
Will seek and find fair fruit in fitting time.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

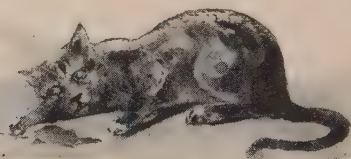
What will you wager you don't lose him yet,
With all his promise ? Had I only freedom
On my own path with easy lure to lead him,
I've not a doubt of it I win the bet.

Der Herr.

As long as on the earth endures his life
To deal with him have full and free permission ;
Man's hour on earth is weakness, error, strife.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cheerfully I agree to the condition ;
I have no fancy for the dead : your youth,
With full fresh cheeks, tastes daintier to my tooth.
Should a corpse call, the answer at my house
Is, "Not at home." My play is cat and mouse.



"MY PLAY IS CAT AND MOUSE."

Der Herr.

Be it permitted : from his source divert
 And draw this Spirit captive down with thee ;
 Till baffled and in shame thou dost admit,
 " A good man, clouded though his senses be
 By error, is no willing slave to it."
 His consciousness of good will it desert
 The good man ?—yea, even in his darkest hours
 Still doth he war with Darkness and the Powers
 Of Darkness ;—for the light he cannot see
 Still round him feels ;—and, if he be not free,
 Struggles against this strange captivity.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye ! feelings that have no abiding—
 Short struggles—Give him to my guiding—
 I cannot have a doubt about the bet.
 Oh ! in what triumph shall I crow at winning !
 Dust he shall eat, and eat with pleasure yet,
 Like that first SNAKE in my poor heraldry,
 Who has been eating it from the beginning.

Der Herr.

Here too take your own course—you are quite free
In the concern,—with anything but loathing
I look on folk like you. My work demands
Such servants. Of the Spirits of Denial
The pleasantest, that figures in Man's Trial,
Is OLD INIQUITY in his Fool's clothing ;
The Vice is never heavy upon hands ;
Without the Knave the Mystery were nothing.
For MAN'S activity soon tires,
(A lazy being at the best)
And sting and spur requires.
In indolent enjoyment Man would live,
And this companion, whom I therefore give,
Goads, urges, drives—is devil and cannot rest.
But ye, pure sons of God, be yours the sight
Of Beauty, each hour brighter and more bright !
The Life, in all around, below, above
That ever lives and works—the Infinite
Enfold you in the happy bonds of love !
And all that flows unfixed and undefined
In glimmering phantasy before the mind,
Bid Thought's enduring chain for ever bind !

[*Heaven closes. The archangels disperse*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*alone*).

I'm very glad to have it in my power
To see him now and then ; he is so civil :
I rather like our good old governor—
Think only of his speaking to the devil !

TIME, *Night.*

SCENE, *A high-arched, narrow, Gothic chamber—
FAUST at his desk—restless.*

FAUST.

ALAS! I have explored
Philosophy, and Law, and Medicine;
And over deep Divinity have pored,
Studying with ardent and laborious zeal;
And here I am at last, a very fool,
With useless learning curst,
No wiser than at first!
Here am I—boast and wonder of the school;
Magister, Doctor, and I lead
These ten years past, my pupils' creed;
Winding, by dexterous words, with ease,
Their opinions as I please.
And now to feel that nothing can be known!
This is a thought that burns into my heart.
I have been more acute than all these triflers,
Doctors and authors, priests, philosophers;
Have sounded all the depths of every science.
Scruples, or the perplexity of doubt,
Torment me not, nor fears of hell or devil.
But I have lost all peace of mind;
Whate'er I knew, or thought I knew,
Seems now unmeaning or untrue.

The fancy too has died away,
The hope, that I might, in my day,
Instruct, and elevate mankind.
Thus robbed of learning's only pleasure,
Without dominion, rank, or treasure,
Without one joy that earth can give,
Could dog—were I a dog—so live?
Therefore to magic, with severe
And patient toil, have I applied,
Despairing of all other guide,
That from some Spirit I might hear
Deep truths, to others unrevealed,
And mysteries from mankind sealed;
And never more, with shame of heart,
Teach things, of which I know no part.
Oh, for a glance into the earth!
To see below its dark foundations,
Life's embryo seeds before their birth
And Nature's silent operations.
Thus end at once this vexing fever
Of words—mere words—repeated ever.

Beautiful Moon!—Ah! would that now,
For the last time, thy lovely beams
Shone on my troubled brow!
Oft by this desk, at middle night,
I have sat gazing for thy light,
Wearied with search, through volumes endless,
I sate 'mong papers—crowded books,
Alone—when thou, friend of the friendless,
Camest smiling in, with soothing looks.

Oh, that upon some headland height
I now were wandering in thy light !
Floating with Spirits, like a shadow,
Round mountain-cave, o'er twilight meadow ;



"I SATE 'MONG PAPERS—CROWDED BOOKS, ALONE."

And from the toil of thought relieved,
No longer sickened and deceived,
In thy soft dew could bathe, and find
Tranquillity and health of mind.

Alas ! and am I in the gloom
Still of this cursed dungeon room ?
Where even Heaven's light, so beautiful,
Through the stained glass comes thick and dull ;
'Mong volumes heaped from floor to ceiling,
Scrolls with book-worms through them stealing ;
Dreary walls, where dusty paper
Bears deep stains of smoky vapour ;
Glasses, instruments, all lumber
Of this kind the place encumber ;
All a man of learning gathers,
All bequeathed me by my fathers,
Crucibles from years undated,
Chairs of structure antiquated,
Are in strange confusion hurled !
Here, Faustus, is thy world—a world
Still dost thou ask, why in thy breast
The sick heart flutters ill at rest ?
Why a dull sense of suffering
Deadens life's current at the spring ?
From living nature thou hast fled
To dwell 'mong fragments of the dead ;
And for the lovely scenes which Heaven
Hath made man for, to man hath given ;
Hast chosen to pore o'er mouldering bones
Of brute and human skeletons !

Away—away and far away !
This book, where secret spells are scanned,
Traced by NOSTRADAM's own hand,
Will be thy strength and stay :

The courses of the stars to thee
No longer are a mystery ;
The thoughts of Nature thou canst seek,
As Spirits with their brothers speak.
It is, it is the planet hour
Of thy own being ; light, and power,
And fervour to the soul are given,
As proudly it ascends its Heaven.
To ponder here, o'er spells and signs,
Symbolic letters, circles, lines ;
And from their actual use refrain,
Were time and labour lost in vain :
Then ye, whom I feel floating near me,
Spirits, answer, ye who hear me !

*[He opens the book, and lights upon the sign of
MACROCOSMUS.]*

Ha ! what new life divine, intense,
Floods in a moment every sense ;
I feel the dawn of youth again,
Visiting each glowing vein !
Was it a god—a god who wrote these signs ?
The tumults of my soul are stilled,
My withered heart with rapture filled :
In virtue of the magic lines,
The secret powers that nature mould,
Their essence and their acts unfold—
Am I a god ?—Can mortal sight
Enjoy, endure this burst of light ?
How clear these silent characters !
All Nature present to my view,

And each creative act of hers—
And is the glorious vision true?
The wise man's words at length are plain,
Whose sense so long I sought in vain :
 " The Worlde of Spirits no Clouds conceale:
 " Man's Eye is dim, it cannot see.
 " Man's Heart is dead, it cannot feele.
 " Thou, who wouldst knowe the Things that be,
 " The Heart of Earth in the Sunrise red,
 " Bathe, till its Stains of Earth are fled."

[He looks over the sign attentively.]

Oh ! how the spell before my sight
Brings nature's hidden ways to light :
See ! all things with each other blending—
Each to all its being lending—
All on each in turn depending—
Heavenly ministers descending—
And again to Heaven up-tending—
Floating, mingling, interweaving—
Rising, sinking, and receiving
Each from each, while each is giving
On to each, and each relieving
Each, the pails of gold, the living
Current through the air is heaving ;
Breathing blessings, see them bending,
Balanced worlds from change defending,
While every where diffused is harmony unending !

Oh ! what a vision—but a vision only !
Can heart of man embrace

Illimitable Nature ?
Fountain of life, forth-welling ;
The same in every place ;
That dost support and cheer
Wide Heaven, and teeming earth, and every creature
That hath therein its dwelling,
Oh ! could the blighted soul but feel thee near !
To thee still turns the withered heart,
To thee the spirit, seared and lonely,
Childlike, would seek the sweet restorative ;
On thy maternal bosom feed and live.
I ask a solace thou dost not impart ;
The food I hunger for thou dost not give !

*[He turns over the leaves of the book impatiently,
till his eye rests on the sign of the Spirit of
the Earth.]*

How differently this sign affects my frame !
Spirit of Earth ! my nature is the same,
Or near akin to thine !
How fearlessly I read this sign !
And feel even now new powers are mine ;
While my brain burns, as though with wine ;
Give me the agitated strife,
The madness of the world of life ;
I feel within my soul the birth
Of strength, enabling me to bear,
And thoughts, impelling me to share
The fortunes, good or evil, of the Earth ;
To battle with the Tempest's breath,
Or plunge where Shipwreck grinds his teeth,

All around grows cold and cloudy,
The moon withdraws her ray;
The lamp's loose flame is shivering,
It fades, it dies away.
Ha! round my brow what sparkles ruddy
In trembling light are quivering?
And, to and fro,
Stream sheets of flame, in fearful play,
Rolled and unrolled,
In crimson fold,
They float and flow!
From the vaulted space above,
A shuddering horror seems to move
Down,—down upon me creeps and seizes
The life's blood, in its grasp that freezes;
'Tis thou—I feel thee, SPIRIT, near,
Thou hast heard the spell, and thou
Art hovering around me now;
Spirit! to my sight appear,
How my heart is torn in sunder—
All my thoughts convulsed with wonder—
Every faculty and feeling
Strained to welcome thy revealing.
Spirit, my heart, my heart is given to thee,
Though death may be the price, I cannot choose but
see!

*[He grasps the book, and pronounces the sign
of the Spirit mysteriously; a red flame is
seen playing about, and in the flame the
SPIRIT,*

SPIRIT.

Who calls me ?

FAUST (*averting his face*).

Form of horror, hence !

SPIRIT.

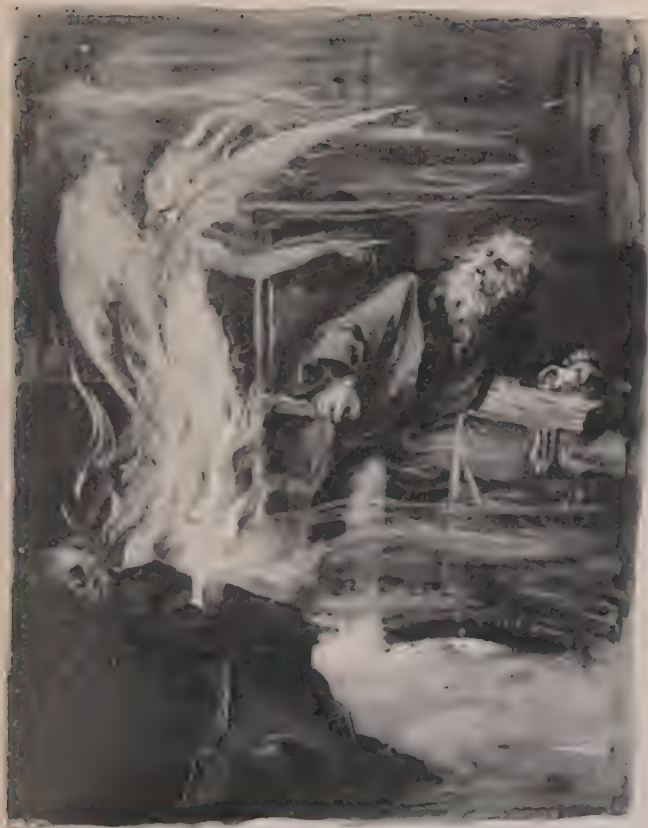
Hither from my distant sphere,
Thou hast compelled me to appear ;
Hast sucked me down, and dragged me thence,
With importuning violence ;
And now——

FAUST.

I shudder, overpowered with fear.

SPIRIT.

PANTING, praying to look on me,
My voice to listen, my face to see,
Thy soul's strong mandate bends me down to thee.
Here am I—here and now, what fear
Seizes thee ?—thee—the more than Man ?
Where the strong soul, that could dare
Summon Us, Spirits ? Where
The soul, that could conceive, and plan,
Yea, and create its world ; whose pride
The bounds which limit Man defied,
Heaved with high sense of inborn powers,
Nor feared to mete its strength with ours.
Where art thou, Faust ? and, were the accents thine,
That rang to me ? the soul that pressed itself to mine ?



"THOU HAST COMPELLED ME TO APPEAR."

Art thou the same, whose senses thus are shattered,
Whose very being in my breath is scattered
Shuddering thro' all life's depths—poor writhing
worm !

FAUST.

Creature of Flame, shall I grow pale before thee?
I am he, I called thee, I am Faust, thy Equal !

SPIRIT.

In the currents of life, in the tempests of motion,
In the fervour of act, in the fire, in the storm,

Hither and thither,
Over and under,
Wend I and wander.
Birth and the grave
Limitless ocean,
Where the restless wave
Undulates ever,
Under and over
Their seething strife,
Heaving and weaving
The changes of life.

At the whirring loom of Time unawed,
I work the living mantle of God.

FAUST.

Swift Spirit, that ever round the wide world heavest !
How near I feel to thee !

SPIRIT.

Man, thou art as the Spirit, whom thou conceivest,
Not ME. [*Vanishes.*]

FAUST (*overpowered with confusion*).

Not thee !

Whom then ? I ! image of the Deity !
And not even such as thee ! [*A knock.*]

'S death, 'tis this pupil lad of mine—
He comes my airy guests to banish.
This elevating converse dread,
These visions, dazzlingly outspread
Before my senses, all will vanish
At the formal fellow's tread !

[*Enter Wagner in his dressing-gown and
night-cap—a lamp in his hand. Faust turns
round, displeased.*]

WAGNER.

Forgive me, but I thought you were declaiming.
Been reciting some Greek Tragedy, no doubt ;
I wish to improve myself in this same art ;
'Tis a most useful one. I've heard it said,
An actor might give lessons to a priest.

FAUST.

Yes ! when your priest's an actor, as may happen.



"AS THE WIND THAT
WHISTLES IN AUTUMN."

WAGNER.

Oh! if a man shuts
himself up for ever
In his dull study; if one sees
the world
Never, unless on some chance
holyday,
Looks at it from a distance,
through a telescope,
How can we learn to sway the
minds of men
By eloquence? to rule them, or
persuade?

FAUST.

If feeling does not prompt, in vain
you strive;
If from the soul the language does
not come,

By its own impulse, to impel the hearts
Of hearers, with communicated power,
In vain you strive—in vain you study earnestly.
Toil on for ever; piece together fragments;
Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,
And blow, with puffing breath, a struggling light,
Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes;
Startle the school-boys with your metaphors;
And, if such food may suit your appetite,
Win the vain wonder of applauding children!

But never hope to stir the hearts of men,
And mould the souls of many into one,
By words which come not native from the heart !

WAGNER.

EXPRESSION, graceful utterance, is the first
And best acquirement of the orator.
This do I feel, and feel my want of it !

FAUST.

Be honest, if you would be eloquent ;
Be not a chiming fool with cap and bells ;
Reason and genuine feeling want no arts
Of utterance—ask no toil of elocution ;
And when you are in earnest, do you need
A search for words ? Oh ! these fine holyday
 phrases,
In which you robe your worn-out common-places,
These scraps of paper which you crimp and curl,
And twist into a thousand idle shapes,
These filigree ornaments are good for nothing,
Cost time and pains, please few, impose on no one ;
Are unrefreshing, as the wind that whistles,
In autumn, 'mong the dry and wrinkled leaves.

WAGNER.

The search of knowledge is a weary one,
And life how short ! *Ars longa, Vita brevis !*
How often have the heart and brain, o'er-tasked,
Shrunk back despairing from enquiries vain !

Oh ! with what difficulty are the means
Acquired, that lead us to the springs of knowledge .
And when the path is found, ere we have trod
Half the long way—poor wretches ! we must die !

FAUST.

Are mouldy records, then, the holy springs,
Whose healing waters still the thirst within ?
Oh ! never yet hath mortal drunk
A draught restorative,
That welled not from the depths of his own soul !

WAGNER.

Pardon me—but you will at least confess
That 'tis delightful to transfuse yourself
Into the spirit of the ages past ;
To see how wise men thought in olden time,
And how far we outstep their march in knowledge.

FAUST.

Oh yes ! as far as from the earth to Heaven !
To us, my friend, the times that are gone by
Are a mysterious book, sealed with seven seals :
That which you call the spirit of ages past
Is but, in truth, the spirit of some few authors
In which those ages are beheld reflected,
With what distortion strange Heaven only knows.
Oh ! often, what a toilsome thing it is
This study of thine, at the first glance we fly it.
A mass of things confusedly heaped together ;

A lumber-room of dusty documents,
Furnished with all approved court-precedents,
And old traditional maxims ! History !
Facts dramatised say rather—action—plot—
Sentiment, every thing the writer's own,
As it best fits the web-work of his story,
With here and there a solitary fact
Of consequence, by those grave chroniclers,
Pointed with many a moral apophthegm,
And wise old saws, learned at the puppet-shows.

WAGNER.

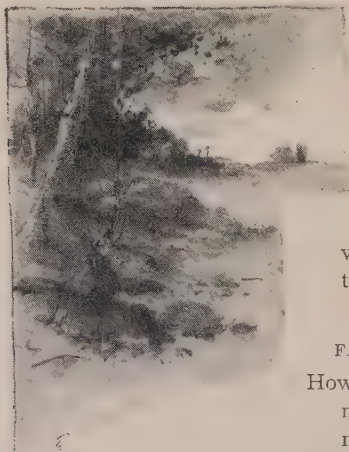
But then the world, man's heart and mind, are things
Of which 'twere well that each man had some knowl-
edge.

FAUST.

Why yes !—they call it *knowledge*. Who may dare
To name things by their real names ? The few
Who did know something, and were weak enough
To expose their hearts unguarded—to expose
Their views and feelings to the eyes of men,
They have been nailed to crosses—thrown to flames.
Pardon me ; but 'tis very late, my friend ;
Too late to hold this conversation longer.

WAGNER.

How willingly would I sit up for ever,
Thus to converse with you so learnedly.
To-morrow, as a boon on Easter-day,
You must permit me a few questions more :



"THEY HAVE BEEN NAILED
TO CROSSES."

I have been diligent in all
my studies;
Given my whole heart
and time to the pursuit;
And I know much, but
would know every thing.

[Exit.

FAUST (*alone*).

How hope abandons
not the humblest
mind!

Poor lad! he clings to
learning's poorest
forms,

Delves eagerly for fancied gold to find
Worms—dust; is happy among dust and worms!

Man's voice, and such a man's, and did it care
Breathe round me here, where Spirits thronged the
air?

And yet, poor humble creature that thou art,
How do I thank thee from my very heart!
When my senses sank beneath
Despair, and sought relief in death;
When life within me dying shivered,

Thy presence from the trance delivered.
Oh, while I stood before that giant stature,
How dwarfed I felt beneath its nobler nature !

Image of God ! I thought that I had been
Sublimed from earth, no more a child of clay,
That, shining gloriously with Heaven's own day,
I had beheld Truth's countenance serene.
High above cherubs—above all that serve,
Raised up immeasurably—every nerve
Of Nature's life seemed animate with mine ;
Her very veins with blood from my veins filled—
Her spirit moving as my spirit willed ;
Then did I in creations of my own
(Oh, is not man in every thing divine !)
Build worlds—or bidding them no longer be—
Exert, enjoy a sense of deity—
Doomed for such dreams presumptuous to atone ;
All by one word of thunder overthrown !

Spirit, I may not mete myself with thee !
True, I compelled thee to appear,
But had no power to hold thee here.
Oh ! in that rapturous moment how I felt—
How little and how great ! and thus to be
With savage scorn fiercely flung back upon
The lot to mortals dealt.
And its uncertainties ! again the prey
Of deep disquietude ! with none
To guide me on my way,
Or show me what to shun !

That impulse goads me on—shall I obey?
Alas! 'tis not our sufferings alone,
But even our acts obstruct us and delay
Our life's free flow.

To what man's spirit conceives
Of purest, best, some foreign growth still cleaves,
We seize what this world gives of good, and deem
All Better a deception and a dream.
High feelings, that in us to life gave birth,
Are numbed and wither in the coil of earth.

How boldly, in the days of youthful Hope,
Imagination spreads her wing unchecked,
Deeming all things within her ample scope,
To the ETERNAL! and how small a space
Suffices her when Fortune flees apace,
And all we loved in life's strange whirl is wrecked!
Deep in the breast Care builds her nest,
Rocks restlessly and scares away all rest.
Some secret sorrow still the envious one
Keeps stirring at till peace and joy are gone.
Each day she masks her in some new disguise,
Each day with some new trick the temper tries,
Is House and Homestead, Child and Wife,
Fire, Water, Poison, Dagger-knife.
Evils that never come disquiet thee
Evermore mourning losses not to be!

I am not like the gods. No! no! I tremble,
Feeling impressed upon my mind the thought,

Of the mean worm whose nature I resemble.
'Tis dust, and lives in dust, and the chance tread
Crushes the wretched reptile into nought.

Is this not dust in which I live ?
This prison-place, what can it give
Of life or comfort ? wheresoe'er
The sick eye turns, it sees one tier—
Along the blank high wall—of shelves
And gloomy volumes, which themselves
Are dust and lumber ; and the scrolls
That crowd the hundred pigeon-holes
And crevices of that old case—
That darkens and confines the space
Already but too small—'mong these
What can life be but a disease ?
Here housed in dust, with grub and moth
I sicken—mind and body both.
—Shall I find here the cure I ask,
Resume the edifying task
Of reading, in a thousand pages,
That care-worn man has, in all ages,
Sowed Vanity to reap Despair ?
That one, mayhap, has here and there
Been less unhappy ?

Hollow Skull,

I almost fancy I divine
A meaning in thy spectral smile.
Saith it not that thy brain, like mine,
Still loved, and sought the Beautiful ;

Loved Truth for Truth's own sake ; and sought,
Regardless of aught else the while,
Like mine, the light of cloudless day—



"HOLLOW SKULL, I ALMOST FANCY I DIVINE A MEANING IN
THY SPECTRAL SMILE."

And, in unsatisfying thought
By twilight glimmers led astray,
Like mine at length sank over-wrought?

Every thing fails me—every thing—
These instruments, do they not all
Mock me ? lathe, cylinder, and ring,
And cog and wheel—in vain I call

On you for aid, ye keys of Science,
I stand before the guarded door
Of Nature ; but it bids defiance
To latch or ward : in vain I prove
Your powers—the strong bolts will not move.
Mysterious, in the blaze of day,
Nature pursues her tranquil way :
The veil she wears, if hand profane
Should seek to raise, it seeks in vain,
Though from her spirit thine receives,
When hushed it listens and believes,
Secrets—revealed, else vainly sought,
Her free gift when man questions not,—
Think not with levers or with screws
To wring them out if she refuse.

Old Furniture—cumbrous and mean !
It is not, has not ever been
Of use to me—why here ? because
My father's furniture it was !
—Old Roll ; and here it still remains,
And soiled with smoke, its very stains
Might count how many a year the light
Hath, from this desk, through the dead night,
Burn'd in its sad lamp, nothing bright !
—'Twere better did I dissipate,
Long since, my little means, than be
Crushed down and cumbered with its weight :
All that thy fathers leave to thee,
At once ENJOY it—thus alone
Can man make any thing his own ;

A hindrance all that we employ not—
A burden all that we enjoy not.
HE knows, who rightly estimates,
That what the moment can employ,
What it requires and can enjoy,
The MOMENT for itself creates.

What can it be, that thither draws
The eye, and holds it there, as though
The flask a very magnet were?
And whence, oh, whence this lavish glow,
This lustre of enchanted light,
Pour'd down at once, and every where—
Birth of the moment—like the flood
Of splendour round us, when at night
Breathes moonlight over a wide wood?

Oh phial!—happy phial!—here
Hope is,—I greet thee,—I revere
Thee as Art's best result—in Thee
Science and Mind triumphant see,—
Essence of all sweet slumber-dews!
Spirit of all most delicate
Yet deadliest powers!—be thou my friend—
A true friend—thou wilt not refuse
Thine own old master this!—I gaze
On thee—the pain subsides—the weight
That pressed me down less heavy weighs.

I grasp thee—faithful friend art thou :—
Already do I feel the strife

That preyed upon my powers of life
Calmed into peace; and now—and now
The swell, that troubled the clear spring
Of my vext spirit, ebbs away;
Outspread, like ocean, Life and Day
Shine with a glow of welcoming;—
Calm at my feet the glorious mirror lies,
And tempts to far-off shores, with smiles from other
skies!

And, lo! a car of fire to me
Glides softly hither; from within
Come winged impulses, to bear
The child of earth to freer air:
Already do I seem to win
My happy course, from bondage free,
On paths unknown, to climes unknown,
Glad spheres of pure activity!
Powers yet unfelt—worlds yet untrod—
And life, poured every where abroad,
And rapture worthy of a God!
—Worm that thou art, and can it be
Such joy is thine, is given to thee?
Determine only,—'tis thy own;
Say thy firm farewell to the sun,
The kindly sun—its smiling earth—
One moment, one,—and all is done,—
One pang—then comes the second birth!
—Find life where others fear to die;
Take measure of thy strength, and burst—
Burst wide the gate of liberty;

—Show, by man's acts man's spirit durst
Meet God's own eye, and wax not dim ;
Stand fearless, face to face with Him !

Shudder not now at that blank cave
Where, in self-torturing disease,
Pale Fancy hears sad Spirits rave,
And is herself the hell she sees.
—Press through the strait, where stands Despair
Guarding it, and the fiery wave
Boils up,—and know no terror there !
Determine ;—be of happy cheer
In this high hour—be thy advance
The proud step of a triumph-day ;
—Be firm, and cast away all fear ;—
And freely,—if such be the chance—
Flow into nothingness away !

And thou, clear crystal goblet, welcome thou !
Old friend and faithful, from thy antique case
Come forth with gay smile now,
As gently I displace
The time-stain'd velvet ; years unnumbered,
Forgotten hast thou slumbered ;
Once bright at many a festival,
When, in the old man's hall,
Old friends were gathered all,
And thou with mirth didst light grave features up.
On days of high festivity,
And family solemnity,
As each to each passed on the happy cup ;

Its massy pride, the figures rich and old,
Of curious carving, and the merry task
Of each (thus did our pleasant customs ask)
Who drank, the quaint old symbols to unfold,
In rhymes made at the moment; then the mask
Of serious seeming, as at one long draught
Each guest the full deep goblet duly quaffed;
The old cup, the old customs, the old rhymes,
All now are with me: all, that of old times
Can speak, are speaking to my heart; the nights
Of boyhood, and their manifold delights;
Oh! never more to gay friend sitting next
Shall my hand reach thee; never more from me
Shall merry rhyme illustrate the old text,
And into meaning read each mystery;
This is a draught that, if the brain still think,
Will set it thinking in another mood;
Old cup, now fill thee with the dark brown flood;
It is my choice; I mixed it, and will drink:
My last draught this on earth I dedicate,
(And with it be my heart and spirit borne!)
A festal offering to the rising morn.

[He places the goblet to his mouth.]

Bells heard, and voices in chorus.

EASTER HYMN.—*Chorus of Angels.*

CHRIST is from the grave arisen,
Joy is His. For Him the weary
Earth hath ceased its thralldom dreary,

And the cares that prey on mortals :
He hath burst the grave's stern portals ;
The grave is no prison :
The Lord hath arisen !

FAUST.

Oh, those deep sounds, those voices rich and
heavenly !
How powerfully they sway the soul, and force
The cup uplifted from the eager lips !
Proud bells, and do your peals already ring,
To greet the joyous dawn of Easter-morn ?
And ye, rejoicing choristers, already
Flows forth your solemn song of consolation ?
That song, which once, from angel lips resounding
Around the midnight of the grave, was heard,
The pledge and proof of a new covenant !

HYMN *continued.*—*Chorus of Women.*

We laid Him for burial
'Mong aloes and myrrh ;
His children and friends
Laid their dead Master here !
All wrapt in his grave-dress,
We left Him in fear—
Ah ! where shall we seek Him ?
The Lord is not here !

Chorus of Angels.

The Lord hath arisen,
Sorrow no longer ;



"OH, THOSE DEEP SOUNDS, THOSE VOICES RICH AND HEAVENLY."

Temptation hath tried Him,
But He was the stronger.
Happy, happy victory !
Love, submission, self-denial
Marked the strengthening agony,
Marked the purifying trial ;
The grave is no prison :
The Lord hath arisen

FAUST.

Soft sounds, that breathe of Heaven, most mild,
most powerful,
What seek ye here ?—Why will ye come to me
In dusty gloom immersed ?—Oh ! rather speak
To hearts of soft and penetrable mould !
I hear your message, but I have not faith—
And Miracle is fond Faith's favorite child !
I cannot force myself into the spheres,
Where these good tidings of great joy are heard ;
And yet, from youth familiar with the sounds,
Even now they call me back again to life ;
Oh ! once, in boyhood's happy time, Heaven's love
Showered down upon me, with mysterious kiss
Hallowing the stillness of the Sabbath-day !
Feelings resistless, incommunicable,
Yearnings for something that I knew not of,
Deep meanings in the full tones of the bells
Mingled—a prayer was burning extasy—
Drove me, a wanderer through lone fields and woods ;
Then tears rushed hot and fast—then was the birth
Of a new life and a new world for me ;

These bells announced the merry sports of youth,
This music welcomed in the happy spring ;
And now am I once more a little child,
And Old Remembrance, twining round my heart,
Forbids this act, and checks my daring steps—
Then sing ye on—sweet songs that are of Heaven !
Tears come, and EARTH hath won her child again.

HYMN continued.—Chorus of Disciples.

He, who was buried,
Hath burst from the grave !
From death re-assuming
The life that he gave,
Is risen in glory,
Is mighty to save !

And onward—still onward
Arising, ascending,
To the right hand of Power
And Joy never-ending.

Enthroned in brightness,
His labours are over ;
On earth His disciples
Still struggle and suffer !

His children deserted
Disconsolate languish—
Thou art gone, and to glory—
Hast left us in anguish !

Chorus of Angels.

Christ is arisen,
The Lord hath ascended ;
The dominion of death
And corruption is ended.

Your work of obedience
Haste to begin ;
Break from the bondage
Of Satan and Sin.

In your lives HIS laws obey
Let love your governed bosoms sway—
Blessings to the poor convey,
To GOD with humble spirit pray,
To MAN his benefits display :
Act thus, and he, your MASTER dear,
Though unseen, is ever near !

BEFORE THE GATE.

Persons of all descriptions strolling out.

A PARTY OF TRADESMEN.

What are you going for in that direction?

SECOND PARTY.

We are going to the Jägerhaus.

FIRST PARTY.

And we
Are strolling down to the Mill.

A TRADESMAN.

I would advise you
Rather to take a walk to the Wasserhof.

A SECOND.

The road to it is not a pleasant one.

SECOND PARTY.

What are you for?

A THIRD.

I go with the other party.

A FOURTH.

Take my advice, and let us come to Burgdorf :
There, any way, we shall be sure of finding
The prettiest girls, and the brownest beer,
And lots of rows in the primest style.

A FIFTH.

What, boy,
Art at it still? two drubbings, one would think,
Might satisfy a reasonable man.
I won't go there with you—I hate the place!

SERVANT MAID.

No! no!—not I—I'll go back to the town.

ANOTHER.

We'll find him surely waiting at the poplars.

THE FIRST.

Great good is that to me,—he'll give his arm
To you—and dance with you—and why should I go
For nothing in the world but your amusement?

THE SECOND.

To-day he'll certainly not be alone,
His curly-headed friend will be with him.

STUDENT.

Look there—look there—how well those girls step
out—



"THE PRETTIEST GIRLS, AND THE BROWNEST BEER."

Come, brother, come let's keep them company.
Stiff beer, biting tobacco, and a girl
In her smart dress, are the best things I know.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER.

Only look there—what pretty fellows these are !
'Tis quite a shame, when they might have the best
Of company, to see them running after
A pair of vulgar minxes—servant girls.

SECOND STUDENT (*to the First*).

Stay, easy—here are two fine girls behind us,
Showily dressed. I know one of them well—
And, I may say, am half in love with her.
Innocent things ! with what a modest gait
And shy step they affect to pace ; and yet,
For all their bashfulness, they'll take us with them.

FIRST STUDENT.

Join them, yourself—not I—I hate restraint.
Let us not lose time with them, or the game escapes.
Give me the girl that gives a man no trouble,
That on the week-days does her week-day work,
And, the day after, work that she loves better.

CITIZEN.

Well, I do not like this new burgomaster.
Not a day passes but he grows more insolent,
Forsooth ! presuming on his dignity.
And what good is he to us after all ?

The town is growing worse from day to day,
They are more strict upon us now than ever,
And raise continually the rates and taxes.

BEGGAR (*sings*).

*Masters good, and ladies bright,
Rosy-cheeked, and richly dressed,
Look upon a wretched sight,
And relieve the poor distressed:
Let me not in vain implore!
Pity me!—with chime and voice
Would I cheer you—let the poor
When all else are glad, rejoice!
I must beg, for I must live.
Help me! blessed they who give!
When all other men are gay
Is the beggar's harvest day.*

SECOND CITIZEN.

Well! give me, on a saint's day, or a Sunday,
When we have time for it, a tale of war
And warlike doings far away in Turkey—
How they are busy killing one another.
'Tis pleasant to stand gazing from the window,
Draining your glass at times, and looking on
The painted barges calmly gliding down
The easy river. Then the homeward walk
In the cool evening hour; this makes the heart
Glad, and at peace with all things and itself.
Yes! give me peace at home, and peaceful times!

THIRD CITIZEN.

Ay, so say I—break every head abroad—
Turn all things topsy-turvy, so they leave us
Quiet at home.



"TOWNS WITH TURRETS, WALLS, AND FENCES."

OLD WOMAN (*to the Citizen's Daughters*).

Ha ! but you are nicely dressed
And very pretty creatures—you'll win hearts
To-day—ay, that you will—only don't look
So very proud—yes ! that is something better—

I know what my young pets are wishing for,
And thinking of, and they shall have it too !

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER.

Come, Agatha, come on—I'd not be seen
With the old witch in public ; yet she showed me,
On last St. Andrew's night, in flesh and blood,
My future lover.

THE OTHER.

In the glass she showed
Me mine. The figure was a soldier's, and
With him a band of gay bold fellows. Since,
I have been looking round, and seeking for him,
But all in vain—'tis folly—he won't come.

SOLDIER.

*Towns with turrets, walls, and fences,
Maidens with their haughty glances,
These the soldier seeks with ardour,
Say to conquer which is harder ?
Death and danger he despises,
When he looks upon the prizes.
Danger is the soldier's duty,
And his prize is fame and beauty.*

*Rush we, at the trumpet ; measure,
With blithe hearts to death and pleasure ;
How the soldier's blood is warming
When we think of cities storming !*

*Fortress strong, and maiden tender
Must alike to us surrender.*

Danger is the soldier's duty,
But his prize is fame and beauty.

FAUST.

River and rivulet are freed from ice
In Spring's affectionate inspiring smile—
Green are the fields with promise—far away
To the rough hills old Winter hath withdrawn
Strengthless—but still at intervals will send
Light feeble frosts, with drops of diamond white
Mocking a little while the coming bloom—
Still soils with showers of sharp and bitter sleet,
In anger impotent, the earth's green robe ;
But the sun suffers not the lingering snow—
Every where life—every where vegetation—
All nature animate with glowing hues—
Or, if one spot be touched not by the spirit
Of the sweet season, there, in colours rich
As trees or flowers, are sparkling human dresses !
Turn round, and from this height look back upon
The town : from its black dungeon gate forth pours,
In thousand parties, the gay multitude,
All happy, all indulging in the sunshine !
All celebrating the Lord's resurrection,
And in themselves exhibiting as 'twere
A resurrection too—so changed are they,
So raised above themselves. From chambers damp
Of poor mean houses—from consuming toil
Laborious—from the work-yard and the shop—

From the imprisonment of
walls and roofs,

And the oppression of
confining
streets,

And from the
solemn twilight of dim
churches—

All are abroad
—all happy in the sun.

Look, only look, with gaiety how active,

Thro' fields and gardens they disperse
themselves!

How the wide water, far as we can
see,

Is joyous with innumerable boats!

See, there, one almost sinking with its load,

Parts from the shore; yonder the hill-top paths

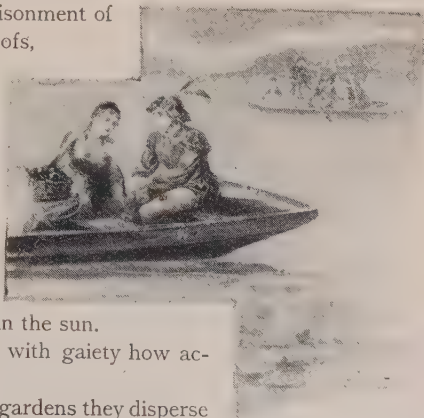
Are sparkling in the distance with gay dresses!

And, hark! the sounds of joy from the far village!

This is the people's very Heaven on earth!

The high, the low, in pleasure all uniting—

Here may I feel that I too am a man!



"JOYOUS WITH INNUMERABLE BOATS."

WAGNER.

Doctor, to steal about with you, 'tis plain
Is creditable, brings its own great gain.

But otherwise, I'd never throw away
My time in such a place. I so detest
Every thing vulgar—hear them ! how they play
Their creaking fiddles—hark the kettle-drums ;
And their damned screaming to the ear that comes
Worse, if 'twere possible, than all the rest.
They rave like very devils let loose on earth—
This they call singing !—this, they say, is mirth !

(PEASANTS *dancing and singing*).

The shepherd for the dance is drest
In ribands, wreath, and flashy vest ;
Round and round like mad they spin
To the fiddle's lively din.
All are dancing full of glee,
All beneath the linden tree !

'Tis merry and merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle-bow !

Soon he runs to join the rest ;
Up to a pretty girl he prest ;
With elbow raised and pointed toe,
Bent to her with his best bow—
Pressed her hand : with feigned surprise,
Up she raised her timid eyes !
“ 'Tis strange that you should use me so,

So, so—heigh-ho—

'Tis rude of you to use me so.”

All into the set advance,
Right they dance, and left they dance—

Gowns and ribands how they fling,
Flying with the flying ring ;
They grew red, and faint, and warm,
And rested, sinking, arm in arm.

Slow, slow, heigh-ho,
Tired in elbow, foot, and toe !

“ And do not make so free,” she said ;
“ I fear that you may never wed ;
Men are cruel”—and he prest
The maiden to his beating breast.
Hark ! again, the sounds of glee
Swelling from the linden tree.

’Tis merry, ’tis merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle-bow !

OLD PEASANT.

This, doctor, is so kind of you,
A man of rank and learning too ;
Who, but yourself, would condescend
Thus with the poor, the poor man’s friend,
To join our sports ? In this brown cheer
Accept the pledge we tender here,
A draught of life may it become
And years on years, oh ! may you reach,
As cheerful as these beads of foam,
As countless, too, a year for each !



"IN THIS BROWN CHEER ACCEPT THE
PLEDGE WE TENDER HERE."

FAUST.

Blest be the draught
restorative!

I pledge you—happy
may you live!

*[The people col-
lect in a circle
round him.]*

OLD PEASANT.

Yes! witness thou the
poor man's glee,
And share in his festi-
vity:

In this hath fortune
fairly dealt

With him who, in the
evil day

Of the black sickness,
with us dwelt,

When Plague was num-
bering his prey—

In strength and health how many gather
To this day's pastimes, whom thy father
Rescued from death in that last stage,
When the disease, tired out at length
Is followed by the fever's rage,
And prostrate sinks the vital strength;
And you, too, in that time of dread
And death, a young man, visited
Each house of sickness:—evermore,

Day after day, the black hearse bore
Corse after corse—still, day by day,
The good man held his fearless way
Unscathed ; for God a blessing gave,
And saved the man who sought to save.

ALL.

For thee, tried friend, our prayers we raise,
And, when we wish thee length of days,
'Tis for himself that each man prays.

FAUST.

In thanks to the Great Father bend,
We are but servants to extend
Blessings, that flow from man's one Friend.
[Goes on with Wagner.]

WAGNER.

With what a sense of pure delight,
Master, must thou enjoy the sight
Of this vast crowd, and the unchecked
Expression of their deep respect !
Oh, happy he, who thus to Heaven
Can render back the talents given !
The pious father points thee out
To his young folk—they gaze, and ask,
And gaze again—and crowd about.
The blithe musician in his task
Pauses—the dancers turn to thee,
And gather into rows to see

The man they honour passing by—
And then the gratulating shout—
And then the caps flung up on high :
They almost worship thee—almost
Would bend the knee as to the Host.

FAUST.

To yonder rock is but a few steps on—
After our long walk we may rest us there.

Here oft I've sate to muse ; here all alone
By vigil, fast, and agonies of prayer
—In Hope then rich, in Faith unwavering,
With tears and sighs, here was I wont to pray,
—And supplicating hands, as though to wring
From Him in Heaven that He the plague would
stay.

To me the praise I hear is mockery.
Oh ! that you could into my bosom gaze,
Read written there how little worthy we,
Father or son, of these poor people's praise.
My father, a reserved and moody man
On Nature's holy circles still would pore,
With honest ardour, after some strange plan
That pleased his fancy, toiling evermore.
And he would shut himself in secret cell,
One or two adepts always at his side,
Quaint recipes with fire and crucible,
In this dark kitchen evermore he tried,
Watching for the great moment's birth that might
Antagonistic elements unite.

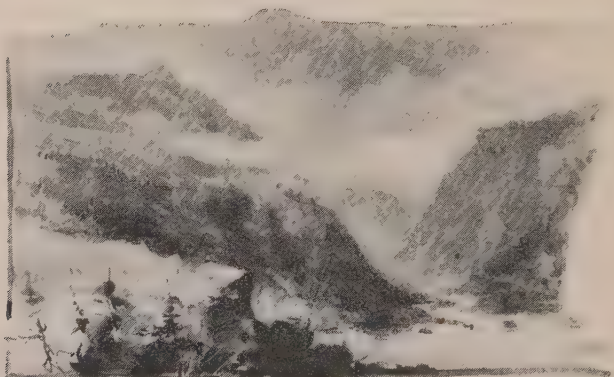
There in the gentle bath a Lion Red,
Bold wooer he—was to the Lily wed ;
And both were, while the furnace-fire raged bright,
Hurried in torture on from bed to bed.
If in the glass was given us to behold
The Young Queen rise in colours manifold,
Here was the medicine—the patients died.
None asked “ Who took it and remained alive ? ”
—Thus in these mountains—in these valleys wide,
Our cure was than the plague a plague more fierce.
To thousands have I given the poison—they
Have withered—they are dead—and I survive
To hear praise lavished on their murderers.

WAGNER.

How can this be so painful ? What can men
Do more than in their practice still obey
The precepts of the science of their day ?
What you have from your father heard was then
Heard in the docile spirit of belief.
You in your day extend the limit-line
Of science ; in due time your son will take
His place—and for himself discoveries make
Greater than thine, perhaps—yet but for thine
Impossible. If so then, why this grief ?

FAUST.

Happy who still hath hope to rise above
This sea of error ; strange that we in vain
Seek knowledge each day needs : the knowledge of
What never can avail us we attain.



"THE RUGGED MOUNTAIN."

But with such musings let us sadden not
This sweet hour ! see, where, in the sunset, gleam
The village huts with green trees smiling round
Each cottage in its own small garden plot.
But the Sun sinks—day dies, and it would seem
With day the Sun. But still doth he survive,
Still speeds he on with life-diffusing beam—
Oh, that no wing uplifts me from the ground,
Nearer and nearer after him to strive !
Then should I the reposing world behold
Still in this everlasting evening glow.
The hill-tops kindling all—the vales at rest—
The silver brooklet in its silent flow
To where the yellow splendour of the West
On the far river lies in trembling gold.
In vain the rugged mountain rears his breast.

With darkening cliff and cave to bar my way,
Onward in Heaven, still onward is my flight,
And now wide ocean, with each fervid bay,
In sudden brightness breaks upon my sight,
Till sinking seems at last the god of day.
Then the new instinct wakens, and I breathe
Heaven still—still drink of his undying light.
Before me day—behind me is the night—
Above me Heaven—and the wide wave beneath.
A glorious dream—illusion brief and bright—
For while I yet am dreaming he is gone.
Alas ! from its captivity of earth,
The body hath no wing whereon to rise,
And with the winged spirit voyage on :
And yet will every one of human birth
The feeling in our nature recognise,
That for a moment with a sense of wings
Uplifts us, bears us onward and away,
When high above, in blue space lost, his lay
Thrilling the skylark sings.
When over piny headlands, savage steeps,
Outspread the eagle sweeps.
And over moorlands, over main,
Homeward, homeward strives the crane.

WAGNER.

I, too, of reverie oft have had my moods,
But impulse such as this they never bring.
The eye soon has enough of fields and woods ;
I never had a wish for a bird's wing—

Far other are the thinking man's delights,
From book to book, from leaf to leaf they lead,
And bright and cheerful are his winter nights.
Life, happy life, warms every limb—Unroll,
At such charmed hour, some precious parchment
scroll,
All Heaven descends upon you as you read.

FAUST.

You feel but the one impulse now—oh learn
Never to know the other ! in my breast
Alas ! two souls dwell—all there is unrest ;
Each with the other strives for mastery,
Each from the other struggles to be free.
One to the fleshly joys the coarse earth yields,
With clumsy tendrils clings, and one would rise
In native power and vindicate the fields,
Its own by birthright—its ancestral skies.
Oh ! if indeed Spirits be in the air,
Moving 'twixt Heaven and earth with lordly wings,
Come from your golden "incense-breathing"
sphere,
Waft me to new and varied life away.
Oh ! had I but a magic cloak to bear
At will to far off lands the wanderer,
How little would I prize the rich array
Of princes, and the purple pomp of kings !

WAGNER.

Call not the well-known army. Of dusk air,
A living stream, the middle space they fill,

And danger manifold for man prepare,
For ever active in the work of ill.
From all sides pour they on us—from the north,
With piercing fangs, with arrow-pointed tongues,
And from the sunrise region speed they forth,
In the dry wind to feast upon the lungs.
If from the desolate parched wilderness

The midday send

them out with

fervid glow,

To heap fresh fire

upon the burn-

ing brain,

A cloudy vapour

from the west

they flow,

Descend in what

would seem re-

freshing rain,

Then in fierce tor-

rents down on

thee they

press,

And deluge gar-

den, meadow-

field, and plain.

Ready for evil with

delight they

hear,

They lurk and listen—gladly they obey

Man's invitation—gladly they betray



"THROUGH THE GREEN BLADES HE RUNS."

Such summoner—in mischief they rejoice,
Ambassadors from Heaven itself appear,
And utter falsehoods with an angel's voice.
But let's away—the air grows chill—the dew
Is falling—and the dusk of night has come.
Towards night we first have the true feel of home.
What keeps you standing there?—Why that intent
Stare—why that look of such astonishment?
What do you see that fastens thus on you?

FAUST.

Do you see that black dog, where through the green
 blades
Of the soft springing corn, and the old stubble,
He runs, just glancing by them for a moment?

WAGNER.

I've seen him this while past, but thought not of him
As any way strange.

FAUST.

Look at him carefully,
What do you take the brute to be?

WAGNER.

Why, nothing
But a poor fool of a poodle, puzzling out
His master's track, whom I suppose he has lost.

FAUST.

Do you observe how in wide serpent circles
He courses round us? nearer and yet nearer

Each turn,—and if my eyes do not deceive me,
Sparkles of fire whirl where his foot hath touched.

WAGNER.

I can see nothing more than a black dog ;
It may be some deception of your eyes.

FAUST.

Methinks he draws light magic threads around us,
Hereafter to entangle and ensnare !

WAGNER.

In doubt and fear the poodle's leaping round us,
Seeing two strangers in his master's stead.

FAUST.

The circle, see, how much more narrow 'tis,—
He's very near us !

WAGNER.

'Tis a dog, you see,
And not a spirit ; see, he snarls at strangers,
Shies, lies upon his belly, wags his tail,
As all dogs do.

FAUST.

We'll bring him home with us.—
Come, pretty fellow !

WAGNER.

He's a merry dog,—
If you stand, he stands up and waits for you,—

Speak to him, and he straight leaps up upon you,—
Leave something after you, no doubt he'll bring it,
Or plunge into the water for your stick.

FAUST.

You're right. I see no traces of the Spirit
In him—

WAGNER.

A dog, well-tutored, learns the art
To win upon a good man's heart ;—
Wise men grow fond of them—and see,
Our friend already follows thee—
Soon shall we see the happy creature,
Prime favourite, round the doctor skip :
With every student for his teacher,
How can we doubt his scholarship ?

[*They enter the town gate.*

SCENE. *FAUST'S Study.**Enter FAUST, with the Dog.*

FAUST.

The fields we roamed through with delight,
Are hidden now in the deep night;
Within us felt the thrilling hour,
Awakes man's better soul to power:
Hushed the desires of the wild will,
And action's stormy breath is still—
LOVE stirs around us and abroad,
The love of MAN, the love of GOD.

Rest, poodle, rest—lie down in quiet!
Why runs he up and down the floor?
What can it be he looks so shy at,
Smelling and snuffling at the door?
Pleasant wert thou in our mountain ramble,
Didst make us merry with trick and gambol,
Go to sleep on the cushion—a soft snug nest—
Take thy ease, in thine inn, like a welcome guest

When in our narrow cell each night,
The lone lamp sheds its friendly light,
Then from the bosom doubt and fear
Pass off like clouds, and leave it clear—
Then reason re-assumes her reign,
And hope begins to bloom again,

And in the hush of outward strife,
We seem to hear the streams of life,
And seek, alas!—in vain essay—
Its hidden fountain far away.

Cease dog, to growl! the beastly howl of the
hound
But ill accords with the pure breathing of
Heaven—with the holy tones—all peace and
love
That to the heart unbidden way have found.
With men 'tis common to condemn,
Whatever is too good, too fair,
Too high to be conceived by them,
And is't that like those wretched carles,
This dog, at what he understands not, snarls?

These withering thoughts, do what I will,
They come—the fountain of the heart is chill.
—How oft have I experienced change like this!
Yet is it not unblest in the event;
For, seeking to supply the natural dearth,
We learn to prize things loftier than the earth,
And the heart seeks support and light from Heaven.
And such support and light—oh, is it given
Any where but in the New Testament?
Strong impulse sways me now to look to the text
On which all rests, and honestly translate
The holy original into mine own
Dear native tongue.

[He opens a volume and prepares to write.]

—'Tis written—"IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE
WORD."—

Already at a stand—and how proceed?
Who helps me? Is the WORD to have such value?
Impossible—if by the Spirit guided.

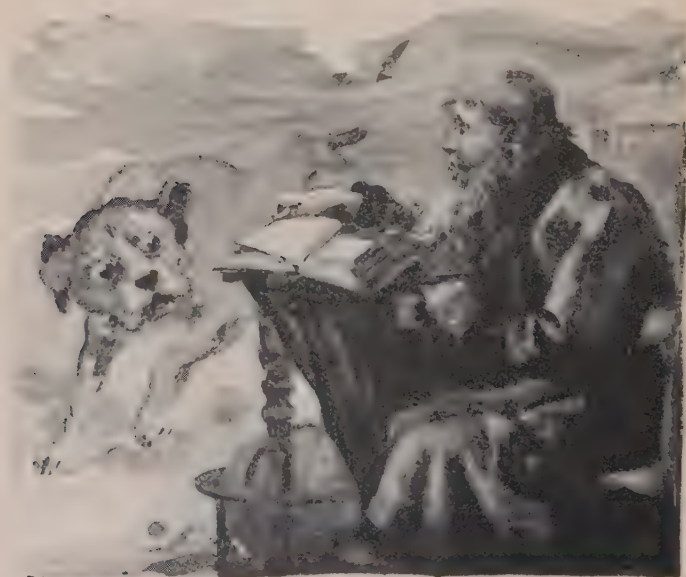
Once more—"IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE
THOUGHT."—

Consider the first line attentively,
Lest hurrying on the pen outrun the meaning.
Is it *Thought* that works in all, and that makes all?
—It should stand rather thus—"IN THE BEGIN-
NING

WAS THE POWER."—Yet even as I am writing this
A something warns me we cannot rest there.
The Spirit aids me—all is clear—and boldly
I write, IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE ACT.

—Cease, teasing dog, this angry howl,
These moans dissatisfied and dull,—
Down, dog, or I must be rougher,
Noise like this I cannot suffer,—
One of us must leave the closet, if
You still keep growling—that is positive;
To use a guest so is not pleasant,
But none could bear this whine incessant!
But can what I see be real,
Or is all some trick ideal?
'Tis surely something more than nature,—
Form is changed, and size, and stature,
Larger, loftier, erecter,
This seeming dog must be a spectre;—

With fiery eyes, jaws grinding thus
Like an hippopotamus,



"WITH FIERY EYES, JAWS GRINDING THUS."

—And here to bring this whelp of hell,
Oh, at last, I know thee well,
For such half-devilish, hellish spawn,
Nought's like the key of SOLOMON.

SPIRITS *without.*

One is in prison :
Listen to reason :
Venture not on :
Where he hath gone
Follow him none :
Watch we all ! watch we well !
The old lynx of hell
Has fallen in the snare,
Is trapped unaware,
Like a fox in the gin ;
He is in : he is in :
Stay we without,
Sweep we about,
Backward and forward,
Southward and norward,
Our colleague assisting,
His fetters untwisting,
Lightening their pressure
By mystical measure ;
At our motions and voices,
Our brother rejoices,
For us hath he offered,
His safety, and suffered ;
We are his debtors,
Let's loosen his fetters.

FAUST.

To conquer him must I rehearse,
First that deep mysterious verse,

Which each elemental spirit,
Of the orders four, who hear it,
Trembling, will confess and fear it.

Scorching SALAMANDER, burn,
NYMPH OF WATER, twist and turn,
Vanish, SYLPH, to thy far home,
Labour vex thee, drudging GNOME.

He is but a sorry scholar,
To whom each elemental ruler,
Their acts and attributes essential,
And their influence potential,
And their sympathies auxiliar,
Are not matters quite familiar;
Little knows he, little merits
A dominion over Spirits.

Fiery SALAMANDER, wither
In the red flame's fiery glow!
Rushing, as waves rush together,
WATER-NYMPH, in water flow!
Gleamy SYLPH OF AIR, glance, fleeter,
And more bright, than midnight meteor!
Slave of homely drudgery,
Lubber INCUBUS, flee, flee
To the task that waits for thee!
Spirit, that within the beast
Art imprisoned, be releast!
Kingly sway hath SOLOMON
Over subject spirits won;

—Forth!—obey the spell and seal
Elemental natures feel!

By Spirits of a different kind,
Is the brute possessed, I find;
Grinning he lies; and mocks the charm
That has no power to work him harm.

Spectre! by a stronger spell
Thy obedience I compel—

If thou be a serf of Satan,
A follower of the fallen great one,
Deserter from hell,

I conjure and charm thee,
By the sign and the spell,
To which bows the black army.

See how he swells—how the hair bristles there!

Outcast creature, see the sign
Of the Human and Divine.
Bow before the Uncreated,
Whom the world has seen and hated:
Canst thou read Him? Canst thou see?
Dread to hear me name His name,
Through all Heaven diffused is He,
Died on earth a death of shame.

Ha! with terror undissembled,
Methinks the brute at last has trembled;
As behind the stove he lies,
See him swell and see him pant;

And his bristles how they rise
As he rouses,—and his size
Large as is the elephant,—
Larger yet the room he crowds,—
He will vanish in the clouds.
—Spare the roof in thy retreat,
Lie down at the master's feet.
Thou shalt feel the scorching glow
(Mine is not an idle threat)
Of the heat divine—shalt know
Pangs of fiercer torment yet.
—Still resisting?—Tarry not
For the three-times glowing light,
Blaze beyond endurance bright—
Reluctantly must I at length
Speak the spell of greatest strength.

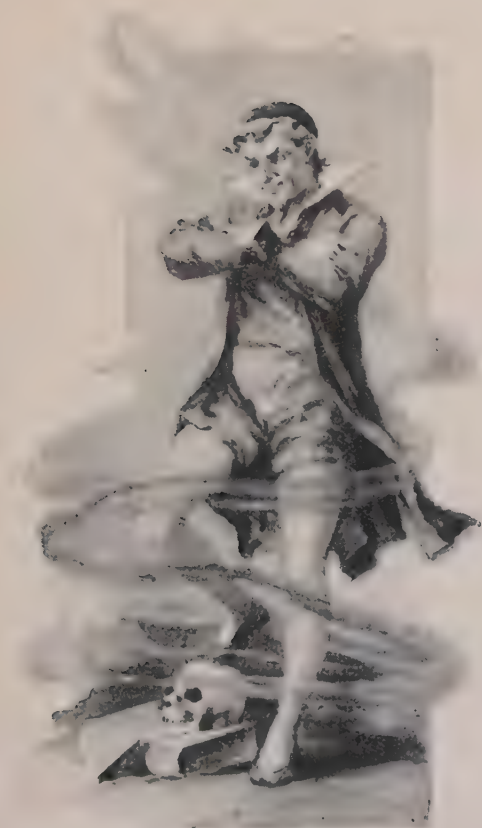
MEPHISTOPHELES *comes forward, as the mist
sinks, in the dress of a travelling scholar
from behind the stove.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why all this uproar? Is there any thing
In my poor power to serve you?

FAUST.

This then was
The poodle's kernel—travelling scholar—pscha!—
A most strange case of the kind—I cannot but
Laugh when I think of it.



"WHY ALL THIS UPROAR? IS THERE ANY THING IN MY POOR
POWER TO SERVE YOU?"

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most learned master,
Your humble servant—you've been broiling me
After a pretty fashion—sweated me
To the very vengeance. I'm in a fine stew.

FAUST.

Your name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A frivolous inquiry this from you—
From one who rates the word so low?
Who, disregarding outward show,
Would look into the essence of the being—

FAUST.

With you oftentimes the name
And essence is, I trow, the same,
The name and nature of the being
All one—in nothing disagreeing.
Thus, one is called the god of flies—
One the SEDUCER—one the LIAR.
Now, good, my friend, may I inquire
Your name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Part of the power that would
Still do evil—still does good.

FAUST.

What may this riddle mean?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am the Spirit that evermore denies,
And rightly so—for all that doth arise
Deserves to perish—this, distinctly seeing—
No! say I, No! to everything that tries
To bubble into being.
My proper element is what you name
Sin, Dissolution,—in a word, the Bad.

FAUST.

You call yourself
A part, yet stand before me whole.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I speak
The truth—the modest truth—though Man may call
—Poor fool-world Man—in his aspirings high,
Himself a Whole—the Whole—I am not—I
Am part of a part which part at the first was All,
Part of the Darkness that gave birth to Light;
Proud Light that now would from her rank displace
Maternal Night—and wars with her for space,
Yet is no gainer—for, strive as it will,
Light clings—imprisoned slave—to Bodies still.
It streams from Bodies—it makes Bodies bright—
A body intercepts it in its course;
This gives the hope that Light may too perforce,
When Bodies perish, be extinguished quite.

FAUST.

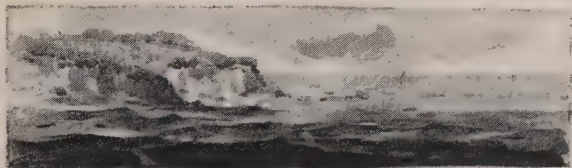
A creditable line of business this ;
Your Nothing nothing has unmade, I wis
The great projector sees his projects fail,
And would do business on a smaller scale.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And even in this way little do I gain,
Against this Nothing the coarse Somewhat will
Obtrude. The rude world contradicts me still.
The clumsy lump of filth in proud resistance
Asserting undeniable existence,
I have been pounding at it all in vain.
I have tried deluge, tempest, thunder, and
Lightnings—at rest you see it still remain
Inviolat—the self-same sea and land.
On the damned stuff,—rank spawn of man and
beast,
I can make no impression—not the least.
What crowds on crowds I've buried—little good—
It but sets circulating fresh young blood.
On they go—on, replenishing, renewing,
It drives me mad to see the work that's doing.
From water, air, earth, germs of life unfold,
Thousands in dry and damp, in warm and cold—
Flame still is mine—I've kept that—Flame alone,
Else were there nothing specially my own.

FAUST.

Is it thou ?—thou standing there ?—thou to resist
The healthful energy, the animation,



"THE SELF-SAME SEA AND LAND."

The force that moves and moulds, and is creation—
In vain spite clenching that cold devil's fist?
Strange son of Chaos this may well move laughter.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well—this point we may talk about hereafter—
But now, with your permission, I would go.

FAUST.

That you can, whether I permit or no,
Why ask me? Now that you have found your way,
I hope to see you often here. Good day!—
This is the window—that the door—and yonder
The chimney. Why thus stare about and ponder?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am not free : a little obstacle,
I did not see, confines me to your cell,—
The druid foot upon the threshold traced.

FAUST.

The pentagram?—is it not to your taste?
But, son of hell, if this indeed be so,
How came you in, I should be glad to know,—
How was it, that the charm no earlier wrought?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The lines were not as perfect as they ought :
The outer angle's incomplete.

FAUST.

Well—'twas a pleasant evening's feat—
A most unlooked-for accident—
Strange prize, and yet more strangely sent.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The dog, without perceiving it,
Leaped in—the devil has somehow
Seen it—is in the house—and now
Can find no way of leaving it.

FAUST.

Why not the window?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why?—because
It is enacted in the laws
Which bind us devils and phantoms, " that
Whatever point we enter at,

We at the same return :"—thus we
In our first choice are ever free ;—
Choose, and the right of choice is o'er,
We, who were free, are free no more.

FAUST.

Hell has its codes of law then—well,
I will think better now of Hell.
If laws be binding and obeyed,
Then compacts with you may be made.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Made and fulfilled, too—nowhere better—
We keep our compacts to the letter ;
But points of law like this require
Some time and thought—are apt to tire,
And I am hurried—we may treat
On them at leisure when we meet
Again—but now I ask permission
To go.

FAUST.

One moment—I am wishing
To question further one who brings
Good news, and tells such pleasant things.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let me go now—I come again,
You may ask any question then.

FAUST.

Ay, old fox, ay, come, catch me there—
I laid no net—I set no snare,
And if you walked into the trap—
'Twas your own act, and my good hap;
Luck like this can hardly last—
Catch the devil and keep him fast—
Part with a prize, on which none could have reck-
oned!
The first chance gone, pray who will give a second?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If you insist on it—I stay;
And just to while the hours away,
I would amuse you, as I may;
For I have pleasant arts and power,
With shows to while the passing hour.

FAUST.

If it be pleasant, try your art—
As audience I will play my part.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In one hour shall more intense
Pleasure flow on every sense,
Than the weary year could give,
In such life as here you live—
The songs soft spirits sing to thee,
The images they bring to thee,



"THE IMAGES THEY BRING TO THEM."

Are no empty exhibition
Of the skill of a magician ,
Pictures fair and music's tone,
Speak to eye and ear alone ;
But odours sweet around thee sporting,
Lingering tastes thy palate courting,
Feelings gratified, enraptured,
All thy senses shall be captured.
Preparation need not we—
Spirits, begin your melody.

SPIRITS *sing.*

Vanish, dark arches,
That over us bend,
Let the blue sky in beauty
Look in like a friend.
Oh, that the black clouds
Asunder were riven,
That the small stars were brightening
All through the wide Heaven !
And look at them smiling
And sparkling in splendour,
Suns, but with glory
More placid and tender ;
Children of Heaven,
In spiritual beauty,
Descending, and bending
With billowy motion,
Downward are thronging,
Willing devotion
Flowing to meet them,

Loving hearts longing,
Sighing to greet them.
O'er field and o'er flower,
On bank and in bower,
The folds of their bright robes
In breezy air streaming,
Where loving ones living
In love's thoughtful dreaming,
Their fond hearts are giving
For ever away.

Bower on bower,
Tendril and flower ;
Clustering grapes,
The vine's purple treasure,
Have fallen in the wine-vat,
And bleed in its pressure—
Foaming and steaming, the new wine is streaming,
Over agate and amethyst,
Rolls from its fountain,
Leaving behind it
Meadow and mountain,
And the hill-slopes smile greener, far down where
it breaks
Into billowy streamlets, or lingers in lakes.
And the winged throng, drinking deep of delight
From the rivers of joy, are pursuing their flight.
Onward and onward,
Wings steering sun-ward,
Where the bright islands, with magical motion,
Stir with the waves of the stirring ocean,

Where we hear 'em shout in chorus,
Or see 'em dance on lawns before us,



As over land or over
waters

Chance the idle parties
scatters.

Some upon the far
hills gleaming,

Some along the bright
lakes streaming,

Some their forms in
air suspending,

Float in circles never-
ending.

The one spirit of en-
joyment,

Aim, and impulse,
and employment ;

All would breathe in
the far distance

"FORTH! AND GNAW THE THRESHOLD HERE."

Life, free life of full existence
With the gracious stars above them,
Smiling down to say they love them.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He sleeps,—thanks to my little favourites—
Why ye have fairly sung away his wits,
And so he thought the devil to catch and keep !—
Well, well, I am a concert in your debt—
Still cloud with dreams his unsuspecting sleep,
Antic and wild !—still in illusion steep

His fancy !—hover round and round him yet,
Haply dreaming, that I am
Prisoner of the pentagram !
—Tooth of rat . . . gets rid of that . . .
Gnawing, sawing, bit by bit,
Till there be no trace of it ;—
Little need of conjuring,
Rats to such a place to bring ;
One is rustling in the wall,
He will hear my whispered call—

The master of the Mice and Rats,
Flies and Frogs, and Bugs and Bats,
Sends his summons to appear ;—
Forth ! and gnaw the threshold here ;—
He hath spilt the fragrant oil,
Till it vanish tooth must toil :—
—Sir Rat hath heard me—see him run
To the task that soon is done ;
Yonder angle, 'tis, confines
Your master—gnaw the meeting-lines :—
Now the corner, near the door,
All is done in one bite more.

The prisoner and the pentagram are gone,
Dream, FAUST, until we meet again, dream on !

FAUST (*awaking*).

Am I again deceived ?—and must I deem
These gorgeous images, but phantoms shaped
In the delusion of a lying dream ?
And so there was no devil at all, 'twould seem—
And it was but a poodle that escaped !

FAUST'S STUDY.

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

A knock!—Come in—who now comes to torment
me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I.

FAUST.

Come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You must command me thrice.

FAUST.

Come in, then.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That will do—I'm satisfied—
We soon shall be the best friends in the world.

[Enters.]

From your mind to scatter wholly
The mists of peevish melancholy,
Hither come I now, and bear
Of a young lord the noble air,
And mask me in his character;
My dress is splendid, you behold,
Blazing with the ruddy gold,

With my stiff silken mantle's pride,
And the long sword hanging by my side,
And o'er my cap the cock's proud feather—
I'm a fine fellow altogether.



"AND O'ER MY CAP THE COCK'S PROUD FEATHER."

And now, my friend, without delay,
Equip yourself in like array,
That, light and free, you thus may see
Life's many pleasures what they be!

FAUST.

In every dress alike I can but feel
Life the same torture, earth the self-same prison ;
For your light pleasures I am all too old,
Too young to have the sting of passion dead,
The world—what can it give? “Refrain, refrain!”
This is the everlasting song—the chime
Perpetually jingling in all ears,
And with hoarse accents every hour repeats it.
Each morn, with a dull sense of something dreadful,
I wake, and from my bitter heart could weep
To see another day, which, in its course,
Will not fulfil one wish of mine—not one !
The teasing crowd of small anxieties,
That each day brings, have frittered into dust
All joy, until the very hope of joy
Is something, that the heart has ceased to feel ;—
And life’s poor masquerade—vapid and wayward,
And worthless as it is—breaks in upon,
And dissipates, the world, which for itself
The lonely man’s imagination builds ;
—And, when the night is come, with heavy heart
Must I lie down upon my bed, where rest
Is never granted me, where wild dreams come,
Hideous and scaring. The in-dwelling spirit,
Whose temple is my heart, who rules its powers,
Can stir the bosom to its lowest depths,
But has no power to move external nature ;
And therefore is existence burdensome,
And death desirable, and life detested.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet Death's a guest not altogether welcome.

FAUST.

Oh, happy he for whom, in victory's hour
Of splendour, Death around his temples binds
The laurel dyed with blood, and happy he,
Whom, after the fast whirl of the mad dance,
Death in his true love's arms reposing finds.
Would that I too had, in such rapturous trance,
My individual being lost in his
Dissolved before that lofty Spirit's might,
Past, soul and sense absorbed, away for ever!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet that night I've seen a certain man
Forbear to taste a certain dark brown liquid!

FAUST.

A spy too—peering—prying—is it not so?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know not ALL, but many things I know.

FAUST.

And if from harrowing thoughts the rich old chaunt
Did win me; and the old remembered words,
And the old music, like a spell recalling
Faded remembrances;—if in the trance
All that remained of my boy's heart was captive



"A SPY TOO—PEERING—TRYING—IS IT NOT SO?"

To the charmed echo of more happy days—
Know I not—feel I not it was illusion?
We are but what the senses make of us,
And this and all illusion do I curse,
All that beguiles us, man or boy—that winds
Over the heart its nets and chains us here
In thralldom down or voluntary trance,
This magic jugglery, that fools the soul—
These obscure powers that cloud and flatter it!

Oh, cursed first of all be the high thoughts
That man conceives of his own attributes !
And cursed be the shadowy appearances,
The false delusive images of things
That slave and mock the senses ! cursed be
The hypocrite dreams that soothe us when we think
Of fame—of deathless and enduring names !
Cursed be all that, in self-flattery,
We call our own,—wife, child, and slave, and
plough ;—
Curse upon Mammon, when with luring gold
He stirs our souls to hardy deeds, or when
He smoothes the couch of indolent repose ;
A curse upon the sweet grape's balmý juice,
And the passionate joys of love, man's highest
joys—
And cursed be all hope and all belief ;
And cursed, more than all, man's tame endurance.

Song of invisible SPIRITS.

Woe, woe ! thou hast destroyed it !
This beautiful world :
Mighty his hand, who dealt
The blow thro' Nature felt.
Earth withers :
A demigod cursed it—
A shock from the Spirit that shaped and enjoyed it ;
A blight from the bosom that nursed it ;
The fragments we sweep down Night's desolate
steep,
The fading glitter we mourn and we weep !

Proud and powerful
Son of earth,
To second birth,
Call again the pageant splendid—
Oh, restore what thou hast rended—
Be no more the wreck thou art—
Recommence, with clearer sense,
And build within thy secret heart;
Re-create, with better fate,
Another world on firmer ground,
And far and near, and all around,
With songs of joy and triumphing,
Heaven and the happy earth shall ring.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Listen to the witching lay!
Wise and wily ones be they;
Little ones of mine, and good
Children are they—sly and shrewd:
Childlike are their voices—age
Never uttered words more sage;
Active life—the joys of sense
Counsels all experience,—
And my little ones do well,
Courting thee 'mong men to dwell,
Far from this monastic cell;
Where passions and young blood together
In solitude grow dry and wither.
Oh, listen, and let charms like these
Thy feelings and thy fancy seize.
Cease to indulge this misanthropic humour,

Which like a vulture preys upon thy life ;
The worst society will make thee feel
That thou, too, art a man, and among men—
Not that I mean to mix you with the rabble.
I'm not myself one of the higher orders ;
But if you will in company with me
See life, I will contrive to manage matters,
And make arrangements to convenience you,
Cheerfully—from this moment am your comrade ;
Or, if you like me, am your servant—nay,
Your slave.

FAUST.

And what must I give in return ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, time enough to think of that hereafter.

FAUST.

No, no ! the devil is selfish—very selfish—
Does nothing for God's sake or from good nature :
Come, out with your conditions, and speak plainly—
There's little luck, I trow, with such a servant.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I bind myself to be thy servant *here*,
To run and rest not at thy beck and bidding ;
And when we meet again in yonder place,
There, in like manner, thou shalt be my servant.

FAUST.

THAT YONDER PLACE gives me but small concern ;
When thou hast first shattered this world to atoms,
There may be others then, for aught I care.
All joys, that I can feel, from this earth flow,
And this sun shines upon my miseries !
And were I once divorced from them I care not
What may hereafter happen—of these things
I'll hear no more—I do not seek to know
If man, in future life, still hates and loves ;
If in those spheres there be, as well as here,
Like differences of suffering and enjoyment,
Debasement and superiority.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With feelings such as these you well may venture.
Make only the engagement, and at once
All will be pleasure—I have rare devices,
And of my craft will show thee many marvels,
Right strange and merry scenes will conjure up :
Sights shalt thou see that man hath never seen.

FAUST.

Thou—what hast thou—poor devil? The mind of
man,
Man's seeking—struggling spirit—hopes—aspirings
Infinite—are they things to be conceived
By natures such as thou art? Yet hast thou,
Poor devil, in thy degree a wherewithal
To wile and win us ; delicates uncloying

Are—art they not?—among those lures of thine?
Yea! hast thou the red gold that restlessly
Like quicksilver slides from the hand—a game
At which none wins, yet is it play?—a girl
That with her lavish arms around my breast,
With willing eyes ogles and wooes another.
—And splendour hast thou?—rank—wilt give me
these?

The starlight meteors of ambition's Heav'n?
Aye! let me see this pleasant fruit of thine
That rots before we gather it—the trees
That each day bud and bloom anew.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fine things to fancy!—to be sure you shall
Have this or any thing you wish to ask for,—
Something less spiritual were something better;
But by and by we'll find the Doctor's taste
Improving,—we'll have our own pleasant places,
And our tit bits—and our snug little parties,
And—what will keep the Doctor's spirit quiet;—
—I promise you, you'll feel what comfort is.

FAUST.

Comfort and quiet!—no, no! none of these
For me—I ask them not—I seek them not.
If ever I upon the bed of sloth
Lie down and rest, then be the hour, in which

* The worlde that neweth every daie,
GOWER, *Confessio Amantis*.

I so lie down and rest, my last of life.
Canst thou by falsehood or by flattery
Delude me into self-complacent smiles,
Cheat me into tranquillity? come, then,
And welcome life's last day—be this our wager.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Done.

FAUST.

Done, say I—clench we at once the bargain.
If ever time should flow so calmly on,
Soothing my spirits into such oblivion,
That in the pleasant trance I would arrest,
And hail the happy moment in its course,
Bidding it linger with me—"Oh, how fair
"Art thou, delicious moment!"—"Happy days,
"Why will ye flee?"—"Fair visions! yet a little
"Abide with me, and bless me—fly not yet,"
Or words like these—then throw me into fetters—
Then willingly do I consent to perish;
Then may the death-bell peal its heavy sounds;
Then is thy service at an end—and then
The clock may cease to strike—the hand to move—
For me be time then passed away for ever!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Think well upon it—we will not forget.

FAUST.

Remember, or forget it, as you please;
I have resolved—and that not rashly: *here,*

While I remain, I needs must be a slave—
What matter, therefore, whether thine, or whose?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll then, belike, at the DOCTORS' Feast to-day
Attend, your humble friend and servitor.
Just one thing more—as life and death's uncertain,
I'd wish to have a line or two in writing.

FAUST.

And dost thou ask a writing, too, poor pedant?
Know you not Man? Man's nature? or Man's
word?
Is it not enough that I have spoken it?
My very life—all that I have and am,
What is it but an echo of my word,
Pledge of the will that gives it utterance?
If words be nothing, what is writing more?
Is the world's course one sea of stormy madness,—
Its thousand streams, in conflict everlasting,
Raving regardlessly? roll they not on?
Must they not roll?—and can it be that I,
In this perpetual movement, shall not move—
Held back, the slave and prisoner of a promise?
Yet in this fancy all believe alike:
If a delusion, all men are deluded—
And is there one that would be undeceived?
Truth and the feeling of integrity
Are of the heart's own essence—should they call
For sufferings, none repents the sacrifice.
Oh, happy he, whom Truth accompanies

In all his walks—from outward cumbrance free—
Pure of all soil—dwelling within the heart,
Light to his steps and guidance: oracle
To lead or to mislead, none doth he seek;



"I'D WISH TO HAVE A LINE OR TWO IN WRITING."

Consults no casuist, but an honest conscience;
Of sacrifices recks not, and repents not.
But a stamped parchment and a formal deed,
With seal and signature, all shrink from this

As something that offends and wounds our nature ;
It robs, methinks, the words of all their life,
The letter, and that only binds us now ;
Such virtue, and no other can it have,
As seal and stamp, as wax and parchment give—
But why ?—why argue for it or against it ?—
Is writing more than the unwritten word ?
—What, evil one, what is it you require ?
Brass ? marble ? parchment ? paper ?—do you wish
Graver or chisel ? or plain pen and ink ?—
Have which you please—any or all of them.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why this excitement ? why this waste of oratory ?
These frantic gestures ?—any scrap will do ;—
Just scratch your name, there, in a drop of blood.

FAUST.

A silly farce—but if it gratifies you——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood it must be—blood has peculiar virtues.

FAUST.

Fear not that I will break this covenant :
The only impulse now that sways my powers,
My sole desire in life, is what I've promised !
I've been puffed up with fancies too aspiring,
My rank is not more high than thine ; I am
Degraded and despised by the Great Spirit ;



"JUST SCRATCH YOUR NAME, THERE, IN A DROP OF BLOOD."

Nature is sealed from me ; the web of thought
Is shattered ; burst into a thousand threads ;
I loathe, and sicken at the name of knowledge.
Now in the depths of sensuality
To still these burning passions ; to be wrapped
In the impenetrable cloak of magic,
With things miraculous to feast the senses !
Let's fling ourselves into the stream of time,
Into the tumbling waves of accident,
Let pain and pleasure, loathing and enjoyment,
Mingle and alternate, as it may be ;
Restlessness is man's best activity.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nothing whatever is there to restrain you—
If your desires be as you say, to taste
Of every sweet—sip all things—settle nowhere—
Catching each moment while upon the wing
In random motion all that meets the eye,
Rifling from every flower its bloom and fragrance,
If any thing will do that is amusing—
I wish you joy of this new life—come on—
Set to at once—come—come, no bashful loitering.

FAUST.

Hearken. I have not said one word of bliss—
Henceforth do I devote and yield myself,
Heart, soul, and life, to rapturous excitement—
Such dizzy, such intoxicating joy,
As, when we stand upon a precipice,

Makes reel the giddy sense and the brain whirl!
 From this day forward am I dedicate
 To the indulgence of tempestuous passion—



"THE FLEETNESS OF THE HIND."

Love agonizing—
 idolizing ha-
 tred—

Cheering vexation
 —all that ani-
 mates

And is our nature;
 and the heart,
 serenely

And separated from
 the toil of knowl-
 edge,

Cured of the fever
 that so long op-
 pressed it,

Shall cease to shut
 itself against the
 wounds

Of pain: whate'er
 is portioned
 'mong mankind

In my own intimate self shall I enjoy,
 With my soul grasp all thoughts most high or
 deep,

Heap on my heart all human joys and woes,

Expand myself until mankind become

A part, as 'twere, of my identity,

And they and I at last together perish.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A pretty passion for a man to cherish !
Believe me, who have for some thousand years,
Day after day, been champing this hard food,
Bitter bad diet is the same old leaven.
Take a friend's word for it who ought to know,
Never hath man from cradle to the bier
Succeeded in digesting the tough dough ;
To man the Universal is not given.
The Whole is only for a God—in light
He lives—eternal light—Us hath he driven
Into the Darkness—yours is Day and Night.

FAUST.

This daunts not me !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Said boldly and said well !
To me there seems to be one obstacle ;
Ars longa, vita brevis—the old story—
Take a few lessons more—and then determine !
Call to your aid some builder up of verses,
Let his mind wander in the fields of thought,
Imagining high attributes to heap
On you—the lion's magnanimity—
The fleetness of the hind—the fiery blood
That dances in the hearts of Italy—
The constancy and firmness of the North—
Let his invention gift you with the secret,
With lofty thoughts low cunning to combine—

To love with all a young heart's ardent impulses,
Yet following closely some cold plan of reason—
And thus to reconcile each contrariety.
A pleasant person this Herr Microcosmos,
I think I've met him somewhere in society.

FAUST.

What am I then—if here too all in vain
The passions and the senses pant and strain,
If this—the crown of our humanity
Is placed on heights I never can attain?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You are just what you are—nay—never doubt it,
Heap lying curls in millions on your head ;
On socks—a cubit high—plant your proud tread,
You are just what you are—that's all about it.

FAUST.

Alas ! in vain poor I together scraped
All that man's science till this day hath shown ;
And all that his imagination shaped,
I in ambition's dreams have made my own.
A weary task it was—a sullen strife,
And now I sit me down, helpless, alone,
No new power comes—no strength—no spring of
 life.
Not by a hair's breadth higher is my height,
Far—far as ever from the Infinite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye! this is Man's presumptuous view—
Mine, less ambitious, is more true—
Why to these moody fancies give
The rein? while living, why not live?
Why, what the mischief! you have got
Your head — hands — haunch-paunch—and — what
not—

But all that I employ—enjoy—
Is it less mine? When to my car
My money yokes six spankers, are
Their limbs not my limbs? Is't not I
On the proud race-course that dash by?
Yes, I it is that sweep along,
Swift in their speed—in their strength, strong—
Mine all the forces I combine—
The four-and-twenty legs are mine—
Up! up! throw off this cloud of gloom!
Come! come!—into the world—come! come!—
Away with dreams—your theorist
Is—let me tell you—like a beast
On a dry heath, whom a bad Spirit
In one dull circle round and round
Keeps whirling, while on all sides near it
The bright green pastures every where abound.

FAUST.

But how begin?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

First, must we fly from hence—

What place of martyrdom is this? what life
Is this to lead? or can you call it life,



"HELP ME ON WITH YOUR CAP AND GOWN."

Wearying yourself
and pupils thus
for ever?

Better leave such
work to your
neighbour
Paunchman,

Why stay to plague
yourself with
threshing straw?

Afraid, even in a hint,
to intimate

Your best acquire-
ments to the boys
who crowd

Your lecture-room;
even now upon
the passage

I hear the foot of one.

FAUST.

Impossible; I cannot see him now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poor lad has been waiting a long while;
We should not let him go without some notice;
A quarter of an hour will do for him—
Come, Doctor, help me on with your cap and gown,
Trust to my wits—I rather like the whim—

This masquerade dress becomes me charmingly,
Meanwhile, you may be getting into trim
Fit for this fashionable trip of ours. [*Faust exit.*]

(MEPHISTOPHELES *in* FAUST'S *long gown.*)

Ay, thus continue to contemn
Reason and knowledge, man's best powers,
And every hope he can inherit !
Still speak despisingly of them,
Heart-hardened by an evil spirit ;
Soul and senses in confusion,
Mocked by magical delusion ;
Still indulge derision vain.
Mine thou art, and must remain !

His is an eager, restless mind,
That presses forward unconfined
And, in the anticipation
Of a brisk imagination,
Ever active, still outmeasures
The slow steps of earthly pleasures :
Him, through the world's wild vanity,
Its wearisome inanity,
Will I hurry forward, thus
Breaking his impetuous
And fiery temper—he will sprawl,
And start, and stand—then stick and fall—
Meats and wines unsatisfying
Shall before his lips be flying—
The withered spirit seeks in vain
Health and refreshment to obtain—

What need of seal and signature
In blood, such spirit to secure ?

STUDENT *enters.*

STUDENT.

I am but just arrived—your name
My chief attraction ; and I came
At once,—forgive my strong desire
To see and speak to him, whose fame
Has spread so far—whom all admire.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fame has been most obliging, then :
You see a man like other men—
Did you seek farther, you might meet
Ablers instructors.

STUDENT.

I entreat
Your care and counsel—with a guide
Where could I better be supplied ?
I come with heart and spirits free,
And youth—and the professor's fee.
My mother scarce would let me come ;
But I love learning more than home—
Have for improvement travelled far ——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And in the best place for it are.

STUDENT.

And yet, if I the truth may say,
I would I were again away :
Walls like these, and halls like these,
Will, I fear, in no wise please !
The narrow gloom of this cold room,
Where nothing green is ever seen ;
No lawn—no tree—no floweret's bloom—
'Mong benches, books, my heart is sinking,
And my wasted senses shrinking—
I mourn the hour that I came hither ;
Ear and eye, and heart will die,
Thought, and the power of thought, will wither.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This is all custom : as at first
Unwillingly the young child sips
The breast ; but soon, with eager thirst,
And pressure of delighted lips,
Clings to the mother's heart, that gives
The living food on which he lives ;
Thus thou, each day more deeply blest,
Wilt drink from Wisdom's nursing breast.

STUDENT.

Oh, to my heart shall she be strained
With love !—but how is she obtained ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

First, let me beg, that you will mention
What line of life is your intention ?

STUDENT.

Oh, I long ardently to know
Whatever man may learn below,
All that we contemplate on earth,
And all that in the Heaven hath birth,
To roam through learning's wondrous maze,
And comprehend all nature's ways.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Right ; but by prudence still be guided,
Guard most, that thought and mind be not
Much dissipated and divided.

STUDENT.

With soul and strength will I apply,
But now and then could seize with pleasure
A few short hours of idle leisure.
A little thoughtless liberty ;
A pleasant summer holyday,
When skies are bright, and fields are gay.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Make good use of your time, for fast
Time flies, and is for ever past ;
To make time for yourself begin
By order—method—discipline ;
For this I counsel my young friend
A course of logic to attend ;
Thus will your mind, well-trained, and high,
In Spanish boots stalk pompously !

With solemn look, and crippled pace,
The beaten road of thought will trace :
Nor here and there, through paths oblique,
In devious wanderings idly strike ;
For days and days you then are taught,
That, in what hitherto had gone,
Like eating, and like drinking, on,
One, Two, and Three, the guide must be
In this which seemed till now so free.
But, as the weaver's work is wrought,
Even so is formed the web of thought ;
One movement leads a thousand threads,
Unseen they move, as now above
The shuttle darts, now darts below ;
One beat combines a thousand twines,
And not unlike would seem the flow
Of mind, when Nature thinks in us.
But now in steps *Philosophus*,
To prove it could not but be thus.
“ *The first was so—the second so—
Then must the third and fourth be so—
And if the premises be hollow,
That the conclusion will not follow.*”
The language this of all the schools
The Art of Weaving taught by rules
That men profound and boys believe !
—Do they teach any one to weave ?
Here he, who seeks to learn, or gives
Descriptions of, a thing that lives,
Begins with “murdering, to dissect,”
The lifeless parts he may inspect—

The limbs are there beneath his knife,
And all—but that which gave them life !
Alas ! the spirit hath withdrawn,
That which informed the mass is gone—
They scrutinize it, when it ceases
To be itself, and count its pieces—
Finger and feel them, and call this
Experiment—analysis.
Is what we handle then the whole ?
Is there no animating soul ?
In nature is there nothing meant ?
No law, no language of intent ?
Oh ! could your chemist, in whose hand
The fragments are, but understand
The terms he uses ! “ *Encheîresis*
Naturæ ”—for the phrase expresses
With scorn, that it seemed strange should be
In words thus accidentally,
How less than nothing can avail
These tricks of dabbling and detail.

STUDENT.

I cannot wholly comprehend your meaning.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No matter—next time you'll get better on—
When you have learned to arrange, and classify,
And body all you hear in syllogisms.

STUDENT.

My brain is stupefied—I feel

As if, within my head, a wheel
Was whirling round with ceaseless reel.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Next—most important thing of all—
With zeal to metaphysics fall.



"BE SURE BEFOREHAND TO PREPARE."

There, see—or think that you see—plain,
What—does not pass within the brain.
Our faculties are too confined
To guide us here—the human mind
Fails—and we are and must be blind.

Thoughts are or are not in the head,—
Use serviceable words instead ;
But first be sure the next half-year
At every lecture to appear—
Five hours each day for lecturing—
Be there the moment the bells ring.
Be sure beforehand to prepare,
Have read the syllabus with care ;
Have every paragraph well conned,
Watch, lest the teacher go beyond
The matter written in his book ;
Then as you write his dictates, look
That you take down *verbatim* all
And every sentence he lets fall,
As if each sentence scripture were,
That comes from the professor's chair.

STUDENT.

This, sir, you need not tell me twice—
I feel how useful the advice ;
What one has thus in black and white,
He can take home with him at night.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But what profession is your choice ?

STUDENT.

Law shall not ever have my voice.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In this, I own, you show discerning :
I know, and do not love, this learning.

Laws every where are like the taint
Of an inherited complaint,
The curse of an infected race :
Their downward progress you may trace,
From land to land, through blighted nations,
Afflicting distant generations—
Reason made nonsense, good intent,
In lapse of time warped from its true sense,
Things for the common welfare meant,
Becoming thus a common nuisance.
Unhappy, that it was thy fate
To have been born an age too late.
The laws for thy great grandsire made
Are laws to thee—must be obeyed—
Must be obeyed, and why ? Because,
Bad though they be, they are the laws ;
But of the rights by nature taught,
And born with man, they take no thought.

STUDENT.

You deepen my abhorrence for
That, which I did before abhor—
I wish to learn Theology.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I fear to lead you wrong—and I
Speak here with more of hesitation.
It is a dangerous vocation,
This same Theology : its ways
Are such a tangled serpent maze—

Such poison every where disguised—
And every where as medicine prized—
That which is which or why 'tis so,
Few can conjecture—none can know.
The best thing that the case affords
Is—stick to some one doctor's words :
Maintain his doctrines out and out,
Admit no qualifying doubt ;
But stick to words at any rate,
Their magic bids the temple gate
Of Certainty fly safely ope—
Words, words alone, are your best hope.

STUDENT.

But in each word must be a thought—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is, or we may so assume,—
Not always found, nor always sought,
While words—mere words, supply its room.
Words answer well, when men enlist 'em,
In building up a favourite system ;
With words men dogmatise, deceive ;
With words dispute, on words believe ;
And be the meaning much or little,
The Word can lose nor jot nor tittle.

STUDENT.

Pardon—I feel my questions tease you.
Just for a moment more—one word

On Medicine, so please you.
With but three years for it, it were absurd
For one like me, without a guide,
To enter on a course so wide ;
And your experience may suggest,
In such a field, what path is best.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

I'm sick of this pedantic tone,
Too long assumed. Now for my own !

(*Aloud.*)

The trade of medicine's easiest of all :
'Tis but to study all things—every where—
Nature and man—the great world and the small—
Then leave them at hap-hazard still to fare.
It is, you see, plainly impossible
That one man should be skilled in every science—
Who learns the little that he can, does well :
The secret of the art is self-reliance.
A man can learn but what he can ;
Who hits the moment is the man.
—You are well made—have common sense,
And do not want for impudence.
Be fearless—others will confide no less,
When you are confident of your success—
The only obstacle is indecision ;
But, above all, win to yourself the women—
They have their thousand weaknesses and aches,
And the one cure for them is the Physician.
A due consideration for the sex

Will teach the value of decorous seeming :
Let but appearances be unsuspecting,
And they are every thing their doctor wishes.
The title " Doctor " is essential,
Our university credential,
That, as in one approved and tried,
They may undoubtingly confide.
Then in the very earliest stage
Of new acquaintanceship you lead them,
Enjoying every privilege
Of tête-à-tête familiar freedom ;
Although the young physician's eyes
Exhibit half, and half disguise
Something, like tenderness, the while
Mingling with the habitual guile
Of the sly acquiescent smile :
Then may you feel the taper wrist,
Nor will there one of them resist
The hand professionally prest
—Permitted boldness—on her breast,
Or round her waist the free arm thrown,
To feel how much too tight her zone.

STUDENT.

This seems more feasible—one sees
Something like reason in all this—
Winning the household through the wife.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Theory, friend, is old and grey,
And green the golden tree of life !

STUDENT.

Is this reality?—so like a dream
All seems! May I, upon some future day,
Resume my visit?—learn the grounds and root
Of these your doctrines?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come when it may suit.

STUDENT.

One favour more—deem not your guest
Intrusive—grant me this request—
Just in my album write a line.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With pleasure.

[*Writes, and returns the Book.*]

STUDENT (*reads*).

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

[*Shuts it respectfully, and exit.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If the wily proverb guide thee, and my cousin the
sly snake,
A weary man thy likeness to the gods will of thee
make!

FAUST *enters*.

Where go we now?



"WITH PLEASURE."

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh! wheresoe'er you please ;—
See all that's to be seen in common life,
And then, so please you, visit the gay world,
Dancing and revelling scot-free, and careless
Who pays the piper.

FAUST.

What, with my long beard?
How shall I trim it into decent shape?
And I want ease of manners, and the knowledge
Of life—why, the experiment must fail!
I cannot—never could at any time—
Be what society requires: I am
Abashed in company—shall every moment
Be at a loss!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My good friend, have no fear
On this score—be but self-possessed—that is
The only art of life.

FAUST.

How do you mean
To travel?—where are servants? horses? carriage?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We only spread this mantle out, and it
Wafts us through air in this our daring journey.
Bring out with you no loads of heavy baggage:

A little gas, which I will soon have ready,
Will lift us high above the earth ;—light laden,
We will move fast, and soon be far away !
Welcome, my friend, to the new life before you—
A pleasant change. I wish you joy of it !

AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIG.

SET OF MERRY COMPANIONS.

FROSCH.

Is no one laughing?—no one drinking?
Come, come, a truce to sober thinking!
Hang these long faces—come, be sprightly!
What, you that used to blaze so brightly!
All dull and damp—smoking together
Like dunghill straw in rainy weather?

BRANDER.

'Tis your fault that we are not jolly—
Have you no beastliness, no folly
To treat us to to-night?

FROSCH (*throws a glass of wine over BRANDER'S
head*).

Have both.

BRANDER.

Brute that you are! Were I not loth—

FROSCH.

You got but what you asked me for.

SIEBEL.

Come, come, we'll have no civil war—
We'll have no difference of opinion

In this our absolute dominion.
Whoever quarrels, kick him out—
Now raise the chorus round about—
Lift every voice, and swill, and shout—
With holla—holla—ho!

ALTMAYER.

Help! help! I am lost—bring me cotton! the cheers
Will split open my skull, and play hell with my ears.

SIEBEL.

When the arches ring again,
We feel the bass in full power then.

FROSCH.

Right, right, say I, with all my heart;
If any one in evil part
Takes any thing, that here is done,
Why, kick him out, the bitch's son.

ALTMAYER.

A tara—lara—da.

FROSCH.

All throats are tuned.

(*Sings.*)

*The holy Romish empire now,
How does it hold together?*

BRANDER.

A nasty song—psha!—a political song,
A most offensive song. Thank God each day,
Rising from bed, that you have nought to say
With governing this Romish empire; I
Greatly rejoice and bless my stars therefore,
I am not Emperor or Chancellor;
Still I see no sufficient reason why
We should not have a ruler;—I propose
That we elect a Pope—what qualification
Should mark a candidate for consecration,
All of ye know.

FROSCH (*sings*).

*Greet her, Lady Nightingale,
Greet my love ten thousand times.*

SIEBEL.

Love-meetings and greetings—let us not hear of
them.

FROSCH.

Love-greetings and meetings—who can keep clear
of them?

(*Sings.*)

Undo the door in stilly night—
Open latch—thy love keeps watch;
For thy sake—is he awake,
Shut-to the door at morning's light.

SIEBEL.

Yes! sing, sing on—a little while sing on!
Sing her sweet praises!—I will laugh anon.
Me she deceived, and thee she is deceiving,
Devil that she is—whom there is no believing—
Has played the same tricks with each man that
sought her—

I wish some goblin of the forest caught her
On a cross-road—or that, from the witch-dances
On Blocksberg, trotting home, an old buck-goat,
With his long-bearded chin and meg-a-geg throat,
Made up to her—'tis some such brute she fancies;—
A young fellow of proper flesh and blood,
To be thus thrown away were far too good;
From me no serenading should she gain,
Other than dashing in each window-pane.

BRANDER (*striking on the table*).

Silence there—silence—all attend to me—
Gentlemen, I know life, and how to live;
And, as some of us seem in love to be,
A song for love-sick people will I give.
Your merry singer is the best physician
For a poor devil in such sad condition.
Here all of you attend—come, cease your chattering—
And listen to a song of the first pattern—
And all join in the chorus:—

(*Sings.*)

Once in a cellar lived a rat,
Whose paunch each day grew smoother;

He dined on butter, supped on fat.
And looked like Doctor Luther.
The cook put poison in his way,
And when our poor rat tasted it,
He felt a cramping in his heart,
As fierce as if Love wasted it.

As fierce as if Love wasted it.

And he ran round, and out he ran,
And looking for a cure, he
Drank at each puddle, gnawed, and scratched,
And raved in perfect fury.
In pain he fell—in pain he sprang,
The cook with pleasure gazed at it;
Poor creature felt at heart a pang,
As fierce as if Love wasted it.

As fierce as if Love wasted it.

And torture drove him at noon-day
To run into the kitchen;
He fell down on the hearth, and lay
Convulsing there and screeching.
Loud laughed the cook to see him sprawl
In death, and feel she hastened it:
Ha! ha! quoth she, your heart is gone,
As sure as if Love wasted it.

As sure as if Love wasted it.

SIEBEL.

How the heavy logs enjoy it,
As if a rat had nothing good,
And 'twere a virtue to destroy it.

BRANDER.

The rats, it seems, are special favourites;
Creatures of generous gentle blood,
And hold high place in your good graces.

ALTMAYER.

Old baldpate, with the paunch there,—how his wits
Are gone!—to him the rat's case his own case is—
With food too good for it the belly swollen,
Then the poor thing in death convulsions rolling—
No wonder it should jar and strike
Upon his nerves—it is too like.

MEPHISTOPHELES *and* FAUST *enter.*MEPHISTOPHELES (*in conversation with* FAUST).

—And first I feel anxiety,
To show you our "Society
Of merry fellows;"—free and gay,
Regular rioters are they,
And their whole life is holiday;
The requisites for happiness
Are few, are—what these men possess:
With lively spirits—self-conceit—
And little, very little wit—
'Tis the same life, the whole year round,
The self-same set together found;—
Each night, their songs—their drink—their game—
Their mirth—their very jests the same;
And as its tail diverts a kitten,
So they with their own jokes are smitten:

They ask no more than thus to sup—
Without a head-ache to get up—
And while the host will credit give
Are satisfied—and thus they live!

BRANDER.

They're travellers off a journey, you may see it
In their odd manners—are not here an hour.

FROSCH.

You're right, quite right! Leipzig, say I, for ever!
Leipzig's a little Paris in itself:
You'd know our Leipzig people any where.
Their manners are so finished.

SIEBEL.

But these strangers,
What think you, are they?

FROSCH.

Only wait a moment—
In the twinkle of a bumper I will tell you—
I'll worm it out of them as easily
As draw an infant's tooth: let me alone
For managing them: I guess that they belong
To the nobility, they look so haughty,
So distant,—you would almost say—displeased.

BRANDER.

They are mountebanks, I'll lay you any wager.

ALTMAYER.

Probably.

FROSCH.

See if I don't screw it out.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Always the same, they never scent the devil,
Even when he has them by the nape of the neck.

FAUST.

Your servant, gentlemen—

SIEBEL.

Thanks, sir, and yours—

(Looking at MEPHISTOPHELES, in a low tone.)

The fellow limps a little on one foot.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Will you permit us to sit down with you,
And for good wine, which cannot be had here,
Give us the pleasure of good company?

ALTMAYER.

You seem a most fastidious gentleman.

FROSCH.

You are lately come from Rippach, are you not,
sirs?—

Have been at supper with old Hans to-night?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To-day we did not stop ;—last time we spoke to
him

He told us some good stories of his cousins—
And sent his compliments to each of you.

ALTMAYER.

A home-thrust that—the fellow's not to be done.

SIEBEL.

He knows the world, and how to make out life.

FROSCH.

Wait, wait, until——I'll have him before long.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Was I deceived, for just as we came in
We heard, or thought we heard, a merry chorus
Of practised voices ?—what a rich effect
Music must have along this vaulted roof.

FROSCH.

You are a virtuoso then—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, no !

My skill is next to none—but I love music.

ALTMAYER.

Give us a song—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A hundred, if you please.

SIEBEL.

Something original—something brand-new.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We're just returned from Spain, romantic Spain,
The land of wine and song.

(Sings.)

Once on a time there was a king,
A lovely queen had he—
But dearer far than queen or son,
He loved a big black flea.

FROSCH.

A flea ! is it possible I heard him right ?
A flea ! oh, what a guest to grace a palace !

Once on a time, there was a king,
A lovely queen had he—
But dearer far than queen or son,
He loved a big black flea !
He called the royal tailor,
Who measures him, and stitches
A coat for the young favourite,
And a little pair of breeches.

BRANDER.

Forget not, sire, to charge the tailor strictly
That they be well and fashionably made—

And as he sets a value on his head,
That he shall leave no seam, or plait, or wrinkle!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of silk and satin were the clothes
Our young lord looked so fine in—
He sported ribands—and a cross
Upon his breast was shining!
Soon Minister, he wore a star,
Lived splendidly and gaily.
His poor relations all got place,
And thronged the palace daily.

And Queen and Maid got bites and stings,
And were afraid to scratch 'em;
They cursed the flea and all his kin,
But did not care to catch 'em!
But we, if we get sting or bite,
None hinders us to scratch 'em;
And if the fleas be troublesome,
We kill them when we catch 'em.

CHORUS.—*And if, &c.*

FROSCH.

Bravo! bravo! that was excellent.

SIEBEL.

We'll catch and play the devil with the fleas.

BRANDER.

With pointed nail and finger, pressed together.

ALTMAYER.

Freedom and Wine for ever!—Wine and Freedom!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Willingly would I drink long life to Freedom;
But that your wines are execrably bad.

SIEBEL.

You must not venture to say this again.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Only I fear to vex our worthy host,
I'd give you something better from our cellars.

SIEBEL.

Out with it then. I'll take the blame on me.

FROSCH.

Pour out a bumper if you wish to please us—
None of your sample thimblefuls for me—
When I try wine, I like a deep long draught—
That is the only way to judge of it.

ALTMAYER (*in a low voice*).

I've strong suspicions they are from the Rhine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bring me a gimlet.

BRANDER.

What to do with it?—
You cannot have your wine-casks at the door.

ALTMAYER.

Behind, there, is the landlord's chest of tools.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*taking up the gimlet*).

Now say what wine you wish.

FROSCH.

What do you mean?
Have you so many?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Each may choose his favourite.

ALTMAYER (*to FROSCH*).

Ha! you begin to lick your lips already.

FROSCH.

Well then, if I may choose, I'll take the Rhenish:
The best gifts we receive are from our country.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*boring a hole in the edge of the
table opposite FROSCH'S seat*).

Now get a little wax—and make some stoppers.

ALTMAYER.

'Tis plain that they are jugglers.



"NOW GET A LITTLE WAX."

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to BRANDER*).

Sir, your choice?

BRANDER.

I'll have Champagne—sparkling Champagne for me?

[MEPHISTOPHELES *bores again; one of the party has in the mean time prepared the wax stoppers and stopped the gimlet holes.*

BRANDER.

One cannot always do without the Foreigner—
But give him to me in the shape of wine.
A true-born German hates with all his heart
A Frenchman—but their wines are excellent.

SIEBEL (*as MEPHISTOPHELES approaches his seat*).

I'd have you know I hate all acid wines—
Give me a glass of genuine sweet!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Tokay

Then let it be.

ALTMAYER.

No, gentlemen, this won't do!
Now look me straight in the face, old mountebank:
I see you but bamboozle us!—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes! yes!

A very likely story—to play tricks

On noble guests like you ! now fast—make ready—
Out with the word—pray, sir, what wine shall I give
you?—

ALTMAYER.

Any and all ! whatever I can get.

(*After all the holes are bored and stopped, MEPHISTOPHELES, with strange gestures.*)

Grapes are of the vine-branch born ;
The buck-goat's is a branch of horn ;
Wine is sap—and grapes are wood,
The wooden board yields wine as good.
All is clear to him that seeth—
Lift the veil and look beneath,
It is but a deeper glance
Under Nature's countenance—
Now behold—your prophet saith
Miracles—if you have faith.
Every man draw up his stopper,
And drink such wine as he thinks proper.

ALL (*as they draw the stoppers, and the wine each
has chosen runs into his glass*).

Flow on, bright rill—flow on and fill
Our hearts with joy—flow on at will !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Drink—but be cautious how you spill :
There's danger if a drop but falls.

[*They drink repeatedly.*]

"BE CAREFUL, HOW YOU SPILL."



ALL (*sing*).

That we will—that we will!—
Happy as the cannibals :
Like five hundred swine we swill.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Look at them, they're the happiest of men.

FAUST.

Take me away—I'll not come here again.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wait till you see them in their glory :
We'll soon have fun !

SIEBEL (*drinking carelessly, spills some of the
wine, which turns to flame*).

Help, help ! fire, fire !—Hell fire !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Down, friendly Element !—be still, I say—
—This time 'twas but a drop of purgatory !

SIEBEL.

What means the fellow ? Damn him—he shall pay,
Dearly for this : you'd think he did not know us.

FROSCH (*to MEPHISTOPHELES*).

Better take care no tricks like this to show us.



"I'M BURNT—I'M BURNING!"

ALTMAYER.

The sooner we get rid of him the better—
There's nothing to be had from such a debtor.

SIEBEL.

You, sir, are guilty of strange impropriety ;
Playing your mountebank pranks in such society.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Silence, old wine-tub !

SIEBEL.

Broomstick ! one would think
He might rest satisfied with these feats of his,
Without being impudent into the bargain.

BRANDER.

Be silent, and thankful that we do not flog you !

ALTMAYER (*draws a stopper out of the table ;
fire flies out*).

I'm burnt—I'm burning !

SIEBEL.

Kill him—kill the scoundrel !
He's a magician !—Kill him ! he's fair game !

[*They draw their knives and attack* MEPHIS-
TOPHELES.

(MEPHISTOPHELES *with solemn gestures*).

Wandering voices mock the ear!
Forms, that phantoms are, appear!
Be ye far away, and near!
Be ye there! and be ye here!

[*They stand gazing on each other in amazement.*

ALTMAYER.

Where am I?—in what lovely land?

FROSCH.

What a show of vineyards near!

SIEBEL.

Clustering grapes invite the hand.

BRANDER.

See them through the green leaves here
Ripe and heavy—look at them;—
Oh! what grapes and such a stem!

[*He seizes SIEBEL by the nose. The others do the same one with the other, and are raising their knives.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as from above*).

Clouds of Error pass away!
See ye how the Devil can play!
Let each startled reveller
See who plays the Devil here.

[*Vanishes with FAUST. The fellows start back from one another.*

SIEBEL.

What's this ?

ALTMAYER.

How's this ?

FROSCH.

Is this your nose ?

BRANDER (*to SIEBEL*).

And yours, on which my fingers close ?

ALTMAYER.

I feel the shock through every limb ;
A chair !—I faint !—my eyes grow dim !

FROSCH.

What is the matter with you all ?

SIEBEL.

Where is he ? what's become of him ?
If I can catch him, how I shall ——

ALTMAYER.

Catch him, indeed ! 'tis easy trying
To deal with such—I saw him flying
Out of the cellar on a cask—
You may as well give up the task :
Heavy as lead these feet of mine
Are grown.—(*Turning towards the table.*) We've
lost our well of wine.



"I SAW HIM FLYING OUT OF THE CELLAR ON A CASK,"

SIEBEL.

All was deception—trick—design !

FROSCH.

Yet, what I drank, I thought was wine !

BRANDER.

The ripe grapes too—did they deceive ?
—Who after this can but believe ?

WITCH'S KITCHEN.

*On a low hearth a large caldron is on the fire—
in the thick smoke are discovered several strange
figures. A FEMALE CAT-APE (little long-tailed
monkey) is sitting beside the caldron, to skim it,
and take care it does not boil over. THE MALE
CAT-APE, with the young ones, sits near, warm-
ing himself;—fantastic articles of furniture,
suitable to the place, seen hanging from the
walls, &c.*

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

This senseless witchcraft sickens and disgusts me—
And, sayest thou that I shall recruit life's powers,
Here, in this loathsome den of filthy madness?—
Shall I petition an old hag for counsel?
And can the nauseous puddle of that pot
Make me a younger man by thirty winters?
There's little hope if thou hast nothing better—
My expectation is already gone!
—Is there in Nature no restorative
But this? Has Spirit never yet devised
Means different to restore the spring of life?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now do I recognise my friend's good sense;—
Yes! there are also natural means, by which

Life's bloom and vigour may again be given ;
But in a different book this lesson lies,
And it forms an odd chapter.

FAUST.

I will learn it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is a means, and it requires not gold,
Magic, or medicine ;—away with you
Into the fields—begin to hew and delve—
Confine yourself, and limit every wish
Within a narrow circle—feed upon
Meats, simple, undisguised—and live, in short,
Beast-like, 'mong beasts—deem it no degradation
Thyself to spread the dung upon the field,
The growth of which thou art to reap—this is
Indeed the best way to repair life's powers,
And wear at eighty a hale countenance.

FAUST.

This cannot be—I am not used to it—
Nor can I learn to take up now the spade—
Such narrow life would never do for me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We must recur then to the witch.

FAUST.

Why so ?
—What's the particular use of an old hag

In the matter? Can't you cook the draught yourself?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That were a pretty waste of time—why, man,
A thousand bridges might be built, before
'Tis done—it asks not skill and science only,
But patience must brood over it—the spirit
In silence must remain for years fermenting;
Time, and time only, clears and strengthens it,—
All things belonging to it are mysterious—
Its powers and its ingredients wonderful—
True—'twas the devil that first invented it,
But yet the devil can't make it—look—look yonder—
What a handsome crew they are—both maid and
man.—

(*To the APES.*) It seems the mistress is from home.

THE APES.

Gone from home—to the rout,
Through the chimney she went out;
Gone to carouse
On the chimney stone on the top of the house!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Will she stay
Long away?

APES.

'Twixt the time she comes and goes,
We can scarcely warm our toes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What think you of these dear young creatures?

FAUST.

All makes me sick—voice, form, and features!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, I must own, I greatly relish
The graces which their style embellish.

[*To the APES.*]

Tell me, execrable baby,
What the mess you mingle may be—
And the lumps, my pretty jewel!
That are floating in the gruel.

APES.

A beggar's dish—we boil and stew it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And most men, without knowing, chew it.

OLD APE (*fawning upon* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Throw the dice—begin, begin—
I am poor, so let me win—
Me to win, and you to lose,
Is the way that I would choose—
Money's all in all;—the witch
Is made honest, if made rich.
Give me gold, and by that rule,
Who will say I am a fool?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As the Ape talks of gold, see his lips growing watery,
I wish we could get him a share in the Lottery.

THE OLD APE (*while the young CAT-APES are
playing and rolling round a large bowl*).

Such is the world !
So is it twirled,
Now rolling onward,
Now rolling downward,



"SUCH IS THE WORLD."

Ceaselessly, restlessly,
Still does it spin ;
Like glass it is brittle,
And broken by little,
Glimmering, shimmering,
Hollow within—
Living am I—

Stop, my dear son,
Thy sporting have done,
Think thou must die !
All is clay,
And must crumble away !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What's the purpose of the sieve ?

APE.

If a man comes here to thief,
With this eye-glass thus we view him ;
Raise it thus, and thus look through him.
*[Runs to the FEMALE, and makes her look
through it at MEPHISTOPHELES.]*

Through the sieve look there—look strait—
Read his features—read his fate.
Answer, if thou art not deaf—
Dost thou know him—the old thief ?
Dost thou dread, from fear or shame,
To name him by his proper name ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And what's the meaning of the pot ?

APE.

How silly a sot,
To ask what's what ;

The fool knows not
The use of the pot—
The use of the kettle—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unmannerly wittol,
Be quiet a little.

APE.

Be brisk—take the whisk,—and sit down on the
settle.

[*Forces MEPHISTOPHELES to sit down.*]

FAUST (*who has been all this time before a glass,
now approaching, and now standing off from
it*).

What is this that I see—how heavenly fair
The form that shines in this enchanted glass!
Oh! lend me, Love, thy swift and silent wings,
That I may fly away to where she is!
Near me she seems, yet hopelessly removed,
And living in another atmosphere!
Alas! if from this spot I do but stir,
If I but venture to approach more near,
There seems a dusky cloud to gather o'er her;—
Image of woman, beyond woman fair,
Oh! beautiful transcendently—has Earth
Charms such as this—in that reclining form,
Say rather that all charms of many Heavens
United are.—Can this indeed be woman?
Can this, indeed, be a created being?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fine cause of wonderment !—after seven days
Of work, if he who made this pretty world,
And who admired his workmanship, made some-
thing,

Worth looking at ! Ay, gaze on her in rapture—
This, by the way, is one of these same treasures
That I am pretty safe in promising :

Blessed the man who brings the fair bride home !

[FAUST *continues looking into the glass—*
MEPHISTOPHELES, *lolling on the settle, and*
with the whisk in his hand, continues speak-
ing.

Here on my kingly throne I sit me down,
With sceptre too—I only want a crown.

THE APES (*who have been playing all kinds of*
fantastic gambols, bring MEPHISTOPHELES a
crown with loud acclamations).

Monarch proud—
With sweat and blood
Smear it—wear it—

[*They handle the crown awkwardly, and break*
it in two pieces, with which they go dancing
about.

'Tis done—'twas to be ;
We speak and we see—
We hearken—we listen—
We rhyme and we reason.

FAUST (*still before the glass*).

Alas ! I feel my senses leaving me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And stranger still, even my head's growing giddy !

APES.

We have words, and we can link
Syllables that chime and chink ;
Sense unsought—thus is caught ;—
Every jingle is a thought—
Every word with meaning fraught—
Language, glib and random, thus
Does the work of thought for us ;
Let but your own fancy mingle
With the jargon and the jingle,
As you listen to the lays ;
Bring the meaning you are gleaning,
Give the poet all the praise.

FAUST (*as before*).

My heart's on fire—let us depart.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This is the true poetic art—
And I have never met with prettier poets,
Could they but keep the secrets of their trade.

[*The caldron, which the female CAT-APE has forgotten to attend to, begins to boil over—a great blaze arises, and streams up the chimney.—THE WITCH comes down through the flame with horrid screams.*

THE WITCH.

Ou! Ou! Ou! Ou!

Damned beast! cursed sow!—

The pot has boiled over—the broth's overturned,

The liquor is lost, and the Mistress is burned!

Damned beast—

And what is this?

[*Seeing* FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

And who are ye?

What brings ye here?

Who sent ye here?

May fiery pain

Burn bone and brain!

[*Dips the skimming ladle in the caldron, and sprinkles the flames at* FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and the* CAT-APES—*the* APES *whine.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*flourishes the fan, and breaks pots and glasses*).

Broken, broken!

Hell-broth splashing,

Glasses crashing,

Payment for the words you've spoken!

It is all in sport, my honey!

Nothing but a frolic funny!

Keeping time, old carrion odious,

Fitly with thy voice melodious!

[*The WITCH steps back with rage and astonishment.*

Knowest thou no more than that o'me,

Thou raw-boned old Anatomy!



BROKEN, BROKEN ! HELL-BROTH SPLASHING, GLASSES CRASHING."

Skeleton ! the devil blast her !
—Know you not your Lord and Master ?
Shall I dash the old deceiver's
Bones into a thousand shivers ?
Smash her, and cats, and crocks together ?
—Know ye not my vest's red leather ?
Know ye not the cock-tail feather ?
What mask is there upon my features,
To hide me thus from my own creatures ?
And am I called upon to mention
My name, my rank, and my pretension ?

THE WITCH.

Pardon, my Lord, this rough salute :
I do not see the cloven foot,—
And where are your two ravens ?—Where—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enough, old fool,—for once I spare ;—
'Tis long since we have met, and strange
Has been, in such a time, the change—
The world's grown wise—in every movement
Is seen the Spirit of Improvement ;
Reform to every thing extended—
Among the rest the devil is mended ;
For court has left his wildernesses,
Thrown off his ancient savage dresses ;
The curling tail and talons horrid,
And horns to guard the wrinkled forehead.
All gone—the northern phantom's vanished,
By modern education banished !

—As to the foot—against my will,
I bear that witness with me still ;
'Twould injure me in the good graces
Of some who figure in high places ;
So, what I can, I do to hide it,
And for the purpose, am provided
With padded calves—and thus am able
To limp no more than's fashionable—
Many young men, that I might mention,
Avail themselves of the invention.

THE WITCH.

Satan again—my own old boy,
Once more with me !—I'll die with joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Woman, that name—I beg to be excused—
Call me not so again.

THE WITCH.

And why ? and wherefore ? what the mischief ails
The good old name ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It has been too much used,
And sounds like something in the fairy tales ;
Is so familiar, that men deem it fable ;
Men believe nothing now above the level
Of every-day experience—they are able
To disprove all things ;—don't believe a letter
That speaks of me,—are they for this the better ?

—Devils that they are, they don't believe a devil !
 Call me Lord Baron—no one can object
 To that, or some such title of respect.
 I am a cavalier, as good
 As any—am of ancient blood ;
 Look at my scutcheon, all who doubt it—
 See here—I never go without it.
 [*Struts about with pompous gestures.*]

THE WITCH (*laughing immoderately*).

Ha ! ha !—this is so like you—is so clever—
 You're, after all, the same gay rascal ever !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

This, every day's experience teaches,
 Is the true way to deal with witches.

THE WITCH.

What, gentlemen, would you desire
 To drink ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I thank you—we require
 A bumper—one will be enough—
 Of—you know well the right old stuff.
 Give us the oldest you have here.

(*To FAUST*).

Its strength is doubled every year !

THE WITCH.

Most willingly—you need not ask
 A second time—here is a flask,

I taste myself, now and again—
You'll not find any smell remain.
Here—take a dram—but if I give it
To him—you know he can't outlive it
An hour, unless some charm protect
His life from the assured effect.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He is a friend, 'twill do him good—
Thrives like yourself on witches' food—
There's nothing you can give that is
Too strong for such a stomach as his.
Come—chalk your circle—chant your charm—
Fill high the cup, 'twill do no harm.

[*The WITCH, with extraordinary gestures, describes a circle, and places strange things within it. Meantime the glasses begin to chime and ring; the caldron to sound and make music. Lastly, she brings a great book, places the CAT-APES within the circle; one is made to serve her for a reading-desk, others hold torches. She signs to FAUST to approach.*

FAUST (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

No, no! I'm sick of the whole scene!
What good is it? what can it mean?
These raving gestures? and this rapid
Torrent of nonsense? filthy—vapid
And loathsome cheat.—I've seen such stuff
Before; and hated it enough!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis pure professional farce—mere fudge—
You should not be so hard a judge !
She is but acting the physician ;
This hocus-pocus exhibition
Assists the cure—makes the draught operate
With good effect, and at the proper rate.

[*She makes FAUST enter the circle.*

THE WITCH (*with a strong emphasis, begins to declaim from the book*).

Understand me let all men !
Of One make Ten,
Let Two go then :
Bid Three
Now be
The square of Three :
Thus the Witch
Makes you rich ;
Drop Four
From your score :
From Five and Six
You should fix
To take Seven and Eight away,
Then all is clear as day.
And Nine is One,
And Ten is None,
This is the Witch's One-times-one.

FAUST.

She seems in earnest, old deceiver !
—How like the ravings of a fever !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is an endless volume of this stuff—
I ought to know it—I've lost time enough
Puzzling it out—for downright contradiction
Is, to the wise and fools, an equal mystery.
My friend, in the old almanack of history,
You'll find such jumbles made of fact and fiction ;
And by the help of this, or some such juggle,
Errors spread wide ;—truth suffers in the struggle.
Doctrines are lisped by infants ; taught in schools,
And are believed : for who contends with fools ?
To customary words men still will link
Their faith—poor dolts—imagining they think !

WITCH.

The height, the might,
Of wisdom's light,
The knowledge from the wide world hidden
Cheers humblest minds :
Who seeks not finds :
The welcome guest is the unbidden.

FAUST.

This nonsense, so like meaning, splits
My skull. I soon would lose my wits .

Methinks, a million fools in choir
Are raving and will never tire.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enough ! enough ! incomparable sibyl !
Hand us the drink—fill the cup to the brim—
No thimblefulls for us—no niggard dribble—
Fear not—such draught will never injure him,
He is one of us, and of the highest grade :
Has drunk deep before now—be not afraid !

[*The WITCH, with many ceremonies, pours the
drink into a cup : as FAUST raises it to his
mouth, a light flame rises.*

Off with it fast—why should you fear it ?
—Once down, 'twill warm your heart and cheer it.
How's this ? *my* friend, and much the same
As one of us—afraid of flame ?

[*The WITCH dissolves the circle. FAUST steps
out.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Now ! out at once ! you must not rest !

WITCH (*to FAUST*).

Much good may it do ! (*Aside.*) I hope the best !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the WITCH*).

If I can serve you, sure you might
Command me, on Walpurgis night.



THE WITCH.

Here is a song— a pretty glee.
Hum it a few times,—you will see
Some merit in it, and effect
More than you would at first expect.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Come, quick! be for the present guided!
This draught will do you good, provided
It gets fair play; but it requires
Brisk motion till the frame perspires,
And its full force is felt to dart
At once through each and every part.
And then, not sooner, will I teach
What joys the lazy hand can reach,
Of indolent voluptuousness.
The pleasures that our nobles bless;—
Soon in thy cheery heart, I trow,
Will Cupid rock him to and fro.
Already the young urchin lurks
Within, and in the spirit works.

FAUST.

Once more!—one other look into the glass!—
Fair form—too fair more than a form to be!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come! come! no form the beauties can surpass,
That soon in living woman thou shalt see!

(*Aside.*) With this draught in him he will meet
A Helena in every street!

THE STREET.

FAUST (*to MARGARET passing on*).

Fair lady, may I offer you my arm ;
And will you suffer me to see you home ?

MARGARET.

I am no lady—and I am not fair.
I want no guide to show me the way home.
[Disengages herself, and exit.]

FAUST.

By Heaven, she is a lovely child ;
A fairer never met my eye,
Modest she seems, and good and mild,
Though something pert was her reply—
The red lips bright—the cheek's soft light—
My youth hath not departed quite !
She passed, her timid eyes declining,
Deep in my heart they still are shining—
And her light spirits' lively play
Hath stolen me from myself away !

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*.

FAUST.

Hearken here, sir, get me the girl ; and fast.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The girl !—what girl ?—



"I AM NO LADY—AND I AM NOT FAIR."

FAUST.

She that this moment passed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What—she? she was but now at church
At her confession—I was there.

And, hid by the confession chair,
Was listening to her from my lurch.
Poor thing—she is all innocence—
Had nothing in the world to tell!
With such to meddle is not well.
Her purity is a defence,
That leaves the tempter no pretence.
Upon this child I have no power.

FAUST.

She's past fourteen, if she's an hour!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Could Liederlich be worse than this?
The profligate, whose folly is,
To think each flower of beauty his.
Calls it a purchasable trifle,
And every charm he sees would rifle;
Thinks truth and honour but a name—
My friend, give up this hopeless game.

FAUST.

Sound doctrine this, most reverend,
I hope your sermon's at an end:
Now, once for all, conceited fellow,
I am determined on't, and tell you,
She must, this very night, be mine:
You and I part, if you decline.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Compose yourself—be reasonable—
If in a fortnight I be able
To make out opportunities!

FAUST.

A fortnight! give me but seven hours!
I want no devil to help me then,
And ask no aid from any powers
But those belonging to all men,
To fool a child like this with ease,
And make her any thing I please.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How like a Frenchman! I regret
To see you discontented; yet
Why thus impatient? the delight
Is, after all, less exquisite,
Than when with some delay and doubt,
And difficulty fenced about,
You win the treasure guarded long;
Play with the pretty thing awhile,
And toy and trifle and beguile,
And to your will the soft wax mould, -
As witness many a story told,
Of true love in Italian song.

FAUST.

But, fortunately, I require
No such incentives to desire.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now, not to take or give offence,
Believe me, here all violence
Is useless—in a little while
The damsel may be won by guile ;—
A stratagem, perhaps, may gain
The fortress—storming it were vain !

FAUST.

Give me, meanwhile, some little thing
Of hers—a garter or a ring—
A kerchief from her snowy breast—
Show me the chamber of her rest !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To prove how sensibly I feel
Your pangs, and, if I could, to heal ;
I gratify, without delay,
Your wish, and take you there to-day.

FAUST.

And shall I see her ? have her ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No.

She to a neighbour's has to go,
And when I find that she is gone,
You may indulge yourself alone ;
Breathe in the very room where she
Hath slept, and dream of joys to be.

FAUST.

May we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It scarce were pleasant

So early.

FAUST.

Make me out some present.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents so soon! this promises
Speedy success—they all love dress!
Oh, I know many a place of pleasure,
Where such things are, and many a treasure
Buried of old, and soon will find
Some lure to win the young thing's mind.

EVENING.

A NEAT LITTLE ROOM.

MARGARET.

I would give something now to know
The gentleman who met me, though
He had a proud and princely air,
Is one of the nobility ;
Look on his brow, you read it there,
And if he were not, he would stare
With somewhat more civility. | *Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come in—tread softly—but come in.

FAUST (*after a pause*).

Leave me, now leave me, I entreat.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*prying about*).

The place is tidy and quite clean ;
—Not every damsel's is so neat. | *Exit.*

FAUST (*looking round*).

How calm ! how happy dwells the tender light
In this still sanctuary reposing here,

And the sweet spirit of peace pervading all,
And blessing all.—Spirit of peace and love,



"I WOULD GIVE SOMETHING NOW TO KNOW THE GENTLEMAN
WHO MET ME, THOUGH."

I give myself to thee! Oh, love, whose breath
Is fed on the delicious dew of hope,
Be thou henceforth my life!

How round us breathe
In every thing the same prevailing quiet
And neatness, and the feeling of contentment!

—In low estate what more than riches are,
And this poor cell how very, very happy !

*[He throws himself on the leathern arm-chair
beside the bed.]*

Receive me, thou who hast with open arm,
Year after year, the generations gone
Welcomed in joy and grief : how many a swarm
Of children round this patriarchal throne
Gathering have clung—perhaps beside this seat
A happy child—I well can fancy it—
Even now she scarce is more—on Christmas eve
My love has bent her at her grandsire's feet ;
'Mong the good children each year to receive
The gifts that Heaven's dear child comes down to
give.

Kissing the good old man I see her stand,
Her young round cheeks pressed on his withered
hand.

The spirit of contentment, maiden dear,
Is breathing in thy very atmosphere ;
I feel it sway me while I linger here.
The sense of neatness, felt in every thing,
Speaks with a mother's voice, and bids thee spread
The little table with its covering,
The floor with crisp sand crackling to the tread
Every where round the hand beloved I trace,
That makes a paradise of any place.

Here could I linger hours on hours,
Where dreams and meditative thought,

And, nature, thy benignant powers
Within her virgin bosom wrought,



"THE SPIRIT OF CONTENTMENT, MAIDEN DEAR, IS BREATHING IN
THY VERY ATMOSPHERE."

As day by day each influence pure,
Of Heaven and earth her heart mature.

And fain would welcome forth, and win
To light, the angel from within.

Here lay the slumbering child, her tender breast
Filled with the warmth of happy life ; and here
The heavenly image, on the soul imprest,
Came out, as clouds past off, divinely clear.

And thou ? what brings thee hither now ?
In this mad moment what art thou ?
These softenings of the heart ! and then
This rage of wild desire again !
Poor Faust ! has some magic cloud
Befooled thine eyes ? thy reason bowed ?
Else why this burning passion strange ?
And why to love this sudden change ?

Are we the sport of every breath of air ?

And, should she now return and meet
Thee here, how would the boaster shrink
Into the coward ! at her feet
In what confusion sink !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*entering*).

Away—I see her at the door.

FAUST.

I go, and I return no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This casket, with its jewels rare,
I got it—but no matter where—

Or—what was to be given instead,—
Some things are better left unsaid ;—
Quick—put it in the press—'twill seize on
Her fancy—lull asleep her reason ;
Then, guess you, how the dream will end.
I got them for another friend :
The casket and the trifles in it
He thought might buy a happy minute ;
And he was one who knew the fashion
In which to woo, and woman's passion ;
But child is child, and maid and lover
Play the same game the wide world over.

FAUST.

I know not ; ought I ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Can you ask it ?

Perhaps you wish to keep the casket ;
If so—and that 'tis avarice—
I wish you joy of this cheap vice ;
I'm glad the momentary bubble
Of love has burst—it saves me trouble ;
And easier pastimes you may find
Than practising upon her mind.
My poor brain scarcely understands
What you are at—I rub my hands
And scratch my head.

[Places the casket in the press, and closes the lock.]

Come—come—what do you mean? the object is
To wind this sweet young child to your wish and will.
And now—as I live—you're looking starched and chill,
As if you were going up to your lecture-chair
With PHYSICS in the body standing there,
And METAPHYSICA in her grey hair.
Come! come! [Exeunt.

Enter MARGARET (with a lamp).

MARGARET.

It feels so close, so sultry here,
Yet out of doors I thought it chill.
—When will my mother come? A thrill
Runs through my frame—I am, I fear,
A foolish, foolish woman.

[She begins to sing as she undresses herself.]

There was a king in Thulé,
And he loved an humble maid;
And she who loved him truly,
When she came to her death-bed,

A golden cup she gave him,
Which none could better prize;
And ever, as he drank of it,
Tears dimmed his flowing eyes.

And when he came to die,
To his heirs his wealth he told;
Left all without a sigh
But his mistress' cup of gold.

As at the royal banquet
Among his knights sate he,
In the high hall of his fathers,
In their fortress o'er the sea,

Up stood the gay old monarch;
For the last time up he stood;
For the last time drained the blessed cup,
And threw it in the flood.

He saw it falling, filling,
And sinking in the sea;
His eyes lost sight of it, and sank,
And never more drank he.

*[She opens the press to put in her clothes,
and perceives the casket.]*

How came this brilliant casket here?
I locked the press, I'd almost swear.
The cover's beautiful—I wonder
What it may be that lies under?
Some pledge for money by my mother
Lent to somebody or other.
I think I'll open it—and, see,
Attached to it, and tempting me,
A riband with a little key.
How very beautiful it is!
I've never seen the like of this!
Jewels and pearls!—At mask or ball
'Twould grace the proudest dame of all
Who glitter at high festival.



"I WONDER HOW 'TWOULD LOOK ON ME?"

I wonder how 'twould look on me ?
Whose can the glorious splendour be ?
 [She puts them on, and stands before the glass.]
Oh, if I had these ear-rings only !
Drest thus, I seem a different creature !
What good are charms of form and feature
 Though poor maids are
 Both mild and fair,
The world for ever leaves them lonely—
 Man may praise,
 Yet half he says
Seems less like kindness than compassion—
 For gold he strives,
 For gold he wives—
Alas ! the *poor* are not in fashion !

PROMENADE.

FAUST *walking up and down in thought—to him.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By Love, which I condemn, and Hell's
Essence of fire—things can't be worse :
Oh, that I could be something else
Than what I am, that I might curse !

FAUST.

What ails thee now ? What pinches thee so sore ?
A face like that I never saw before.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd damn myself to everlasting evil,
But that I am myself the devil.

FAUST.

This frantic scene—what can it mean ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Think, only think, that splendid set
Of pearls, I got for Margaret,
A priest has made his own of them.
Her mother, soon as she detected
The treasure, something wrong suspected.

The old hag o'er her book of prayer
Sits moping, mumbling, grumbling there,
Or, for she has a fine sharp nose,
Through the house prowling, prying goes,
On the scent to ascertain,
For the smell decides right well
What is holy, what profane,
She snuffled at the chain and gem,
Found not the smell she likes in them.
"My child," she said, "things thus unholy,
Or suited not for one so lowly,
Will seize and fasten on the heart,
And hold it till health, peace, depart.
To the Virgin Mary bring
These in humble offering ;—
Sinful things of earth we give,
And receive from Heaven, instead,
Heaven's own food restorative,
That our precious souls may live
Fed on manna—angels' bread !"
At this poor Madge looked far from pleasant,
Provoked at having lost the present :
Why, thought she, is the gift rejected ?
Or he, who gave it me, suspected ?
The giver is a rich man—must
Be generous—and therefore just
And good—and why should we distrust ?
The mother strait sends for the priest ;
He comes, and he enjoys the jest,
His features brighten up with rapture,
And thus he preaches o'er his capture :—

“ You feel the matter right, dear madam ;
These pearls—’twere wrong the poor child had ’em :
To them who strive is grace accorded,
And he who conquers is rewarded.
The Church will feel (we cannot question)
No difficulty of digestion ;
Will swallow without fear of surfeit
The ill-got goods that sin makes forfeit ;
Whole realms, their produce and their profit,
She eats up, and thinks nothing of it :
The Church alone, with conscience quiet,
Can thrive upon this doubtful diet.”

FAUST.

That this is false each day evinces,
Or true as well of Jews and princes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On this, he swept into his pocket
Ear-rings and bracelet, chain and locket,
And made no more of pearls and casket,
Than if he pocketed a basket
Of nuts,—then treats them with a lecture
On vanity,—states his conjecture
Upon the uses of affliction,
And leaves them with his benediction.

FAUST.

And Margaret——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sits in restless mood—
Does nothing—knows not what she should—
Thinks night and day on what she lost,
But dwells on him who gave them most.

FAUST.

Poor thing! her grief goes to my heart!
Bring more gems—come—come—no delay—
The first, coarse common things were they.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in affected vexation*).

Mere trinkets flung in sport away!
—My toil is nothing, nor the value
Of what I give!—

FAUST.

Be silent—shall you
Thus mock at me and my affection?
Act for my ends, by my direction.
Court thou the widow—tax invention
For sweet things—draw off her attention—
Come—come—you're dull as water-gruel,—
Up—up—away for chain and jewel!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My lord, I cheerfully obey. [FAUST *exit*.

How a man fooled with love will fling away
Sun, stars, earth, Heaven, upon the chosen lady—
All cheap as presents to a child on May-day!

[*Exit*.

THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

MARTHA (*alone*).

God help and pity me, and pardon
My poor old man ! he treats me badly ;—
Thus to go off—'tis very hard on
A wedded wife,—here pining sadly
Am I upon my lonely straw.
I loved and doted on him so,
His very will to me was law ;
And for no reason thus to go
And die abroad (*weeping*)—he must have died—
Yet t'would be satisfactory
If I could have it certified.

Enter MARGARET.

MARGARET.

Martha.

MARTHA.

My little Margery !
Sweet child, what can the matter be ?

MARGARET.

My knees are sinking under me.
I've found another casket, one
Like that so lately had and gone,
Laid in my press—of ebony—



"THE GOOD GIRL OF THE FOUNTAIN"

The rings and jewels in it are
More brilliant than the former far.

MARTHA.

Your mother must not hear it, though,
Or straitway to the priest they go.

MARGARET.

Look at them, only look at them.

MARTHA.

Fortunate girl.

MARGARET.

Alas, one gem
I cannot—can I?—ever dare
Put on in church or any where.

MARTHA.

Come here as often as you please,
And try them on where no one sees :
Before the glass be whole hours spent
Adjusting every ornament.
We will enjoy their full effect,
With none your secret to suspect ;
Then as occasions come, a ball,
A dance, a day of festival,
We let them one by one appear—
A chain, a pearl-drop in the ear—
And coin some story or another
To keep the matter from your mother.



"LOOK AT THEM."

MARGARET.

Twice to have had
such caskets
brought,
There's something
in it more than
ought!

[*A knock.*

Good God! my
mother! I'll be
seen.

MARTHA.

'Tis a strange gen-
tleman, — Come
in.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*enters*).

I've come uncere-
moniously ;
But, ladies, you will
pardon me.

[*Retreats re-
spectful-
ly before*

M A R G A - "BEFORE THE GLASS BE WHOLE HOURS SPENT."

RET.

To Martha Schwerdtlein was my visit :
I'm told this is her lodging. Is it?



MARTHA.

Sir, I'm the person. What's your pleasure?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll call when you are more at leisure :
You have a guest of consequence ;
I'll call again in three hours hence.

MARTHA (*to MARGARET*).

The funniest thing I ever knew—
The gentleman imagined you
To be some lady of high rank.
I can't but laugh.

MARGARET.

I have to thank
The gentleman's extreme good nature.
I am a poor young humble creature :
These ornaments are not my own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I did not judge by them alone ;
'Tis something in your mien and glance.
My visit was a lucky chance.

MARTHA (*aside*).

To know what brings him, I am dying.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I wish I had news more gratifying ;

But blame me not, though sad it prove.
Your husband's dead, and sends his love.

MARTHA.

Is dead ! the faithful creature dead !
My husband—would 'twere I instead.

MARGARET.

Friend, let thy strong good sense prevail
O'er grief—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And hear the sad detail.

MARGARET.

I fear at all to think of love,
Such loss my certain death would prove.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grief waits on joy—joy follows grief.

MARTHA.

Tell on ; it will be some relief.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In Padua, at St. Anthony's,
In consecrated earth he lies !
A cool bed under the church floor,
Where he sleeps soundly.

MARTHA.

Nothing more ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, yes! a death-bed legacy :
His last commission was to thee,
To have three hundred masses said,
With requiem service for the dead.
His last was a religious thought :
This is the whole of what I brought.

MARTHA.

What, not a coin, no trinket token,
Nothing to soothe his poor heart-broken?
Why, the most paltry artisan,
The veriest wretch in form of man,
Some small memorial still will hoard,
Some little pledge in secret stored,
To show his love is not forgot—
Will starve—will beg—but parts it not !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, I'm sorry for his blindness
To the true value of your kindness :
'Tis your mistake, to think he squandered
His money—as he died, he pondered
The past—and, as his heart relented,
His sins and his bad luck repented.

MARGARET.

Unhappy men ! I weep for them !
He shall not want my *requiem* !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The sweet child ! what a tender touch of
True feeling ! that's the girl for me—
I take it you deserve to be
Out of hand married, and made much of.

MARGARET.

Time long enough 'twill be till then.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You'll find admirers 'mong the men :
A husband in due course, no doubt,
I'll see to bring it soon about,
And if not married out and out,
With a gallant we can mayhap
Fill up as pleasantly the gap.

MARGARET.

'Tis not the custom of the place.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Custom or not, it is the case.

MARTHA.

Tell on.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I stood at his bedside ;
The rotting straw on which he died,
—Something less foul than dung, not much,
Infectious to the smell and touch.—

He died a Christian, and in debt,
Settled his scores with Heaven ;—the trifle
Due at the wine-shop, is due yet.



"YOU'LL FIND ADMIRERS 'MONG THE MEN."

"Alas," said he, "I used my wife ill.—
"Would die at peace, did she forgive."

MARTHA.

Poor man ! I long ago forgave.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"But 'twas her folly, as I live!"

MARTHA.

What! standing on the very grave
Did he say this? assert this lie?
And did he tell you it was I,
I who was wrong?—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He did: but out
The truth has come, and leaves no doubt.
He lied: your very countenance
Decides the matter at a glance!—
"Mine was hard work, you may conjecture,
(Thus ran his peevish death-bed lecture,) "
"First, all her children to be fed;
"And while I toiled to make them bread,
"Not let to eat my crust in peace."

MARTHA.

What, will his slanders never cease?
Love, Honour, Truth, forgotten quite;
Our tenderesses day and night.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so: he thought of you with great affection.
"As I," said he, "was late from Malta sailing,
"I found myself in prayer; a sudden rapture,
"Following a burst of tender recollection

“Of wife and children, and the prayer prevailing
“Was heard on high. That day we made a capture;
“A Turkish vessel laden with rich treasure
“For the great sultan: ’twas a gallant fight,
“And valour triumphed, and was well rewarded:
“And when they came the shares of each to measure,
“I got, to say the least of it, my right.”

MARTHA.

What? how? a prize? think you, he buried it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who knows where Heaven’s four winds have scattered it?
Bury it?—no, his heart was far from sordid:
That his death proves, his generous nature hurried it.
A lady, one of your nice Neapolitans,
As he was loitering in their pleasant city,
Looked on his loneliness, kind soul, with pity,
And saw his vanity—and soothed and flattered it—
Fastened upon him, led him such a jolly dance,
That with his cash, and him, all was soon over.
Marks of affection, too, she gave her lover,
Of such a kind, that to the blessed hour
In which your poor saint died, he felt their power.

MARTHA.

Scoundrel, to use his wife and children so!
Ought not the poverty, which his neglect
Had heaped on us, his shameless course have
checked?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It ought ; and he is punished for it now :
But as this will not mend the case,
I would, if I were in your place,
Put on my mourning, keep a good eye out,
And wed again, when the year came about.

MARTHA.

Where could I find, in this wide world of men,
Any thing like my own poor man again ?
There could not be a creature kinder, fonder ;
His only fault was, he from home would wander ;
And when I think of him, my eyes are swimming :
He was so good, without a single vice,
Except his taste for foreign wines and women,
And the society they bring—and dice.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well ! if on his side he had only made
Allowances as just and generous,
Your quarrels had been easily allayed.
Why, I myself—if you indulge me thus—
With such good sense—in a few little things—
Am tempted to propose exchanging rings.

MARTHA.

Oh, Sir, you are a pleasant gentleman :—
Sure you were speaking but in jest.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

I'd best be off : this vile old pest
Has her brains turned already with the plan
Of marrying me at once outright !
My only safety is in flight.
Damn her ! she'll keep the devil to his word.
[*To MARGARET.*
How goes it with your heart ?

MARGARET.

What means my lord ?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as if to himself*).

—The good sweet innocent child !
(*Aloud.*) Ladies, farewell !

MARGARET.

Farewell !

MARTHA.

Sir ! Sir ! don't leave us till you tell
One little matter more : I want a witness
To prove his death and burial — how — when —
where —
Formally proved ; and you will see the fitness
Of having it on record — 'twould be pleasant
To have it in the papers of the week.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

*"At the mouth of two witnesses the matter
"Shall be established."*—By good luck, at present
There's one in town,* who to the fact can speak ;

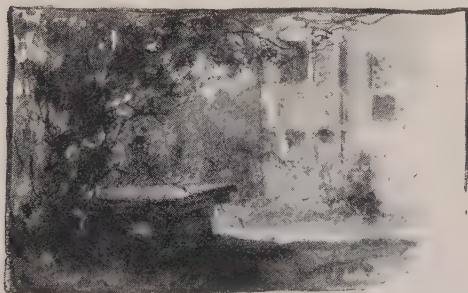
A man of character and high condition
He'll make the necessary deposition—
I'll bring him in the evening.

MARTHA.

Don't be later.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And this young woman—shall we find her here?
She will so please him—nay, I do not flatter;—



“THE GARDEN, THEN, BEHIND MY HOUSE.”

A fine young man—has travelled far and near—
Is so admired—and so admires the sex,
And has so true a feeling of decorum.

MARGARET.

I feel afraid—to meet him would perplex
And so confuse—I'd blush to death before him.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Werè he a king—should it be thus ?

MARTHA.

The garden, then, behind my house—
We shall expect both gentlemen
This evening there—farewell till then.

THE STREET.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How fare you ? goes it swimmingly on and swift ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hurrah ! my friend—I'm glad to see your heart
On fire—she shall be yours in less than no time :
This evening, we all meet at Neighbour Martha's.
Of all the women that I ever saw
She is the veriest gipsy—is the one
To mould his Margaret to the doctor's purpose.

FAUST.

All promises well so far.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But we are asked
For something in return.

FAUST.

That's reasonable—
As one good turn, they say, deserves another.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We are only asked to make a deposition,
In proper form, that her dead husband's bones

Are lying decently interred in Padua,
Quietly resting there in holy ground.

FAUST.

Mighty fine doings ! what a pretty jaunt
You have contrived for us !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

• *Sancta simplicitas !*

Why should we go ? we are asked but to make oath—
This may be done without the toil of travel,
Or trouble of any kind.

FAUST.

Is this your plan ?

If you have nothing better to propose,
The scheme is at an end.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, holy man !

Is it there you are now ? Doctor, is this your scruple ?
Is this the first time in your life that you
Have borne false witness ? have you lectured on
God—and the world—and all that moves therein—
On Man—and on “ how thought originates,”
And that enigma, man’s mysterious nature,
The intellectual and the moral powers—
Have you not dealt in formal definitions,
With forehead unabashed, and heart undaunted ?
Yet, if you did but own the truth, your conscience

Must tell you—does it not?—you know no more
Of all these matters than of Schwerdtlein's death

FAUST.

Thou art, and wert, and thou wilt ever be
A liar and sophist.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes; if by appearances
Only you judge: you, a philosopher,
Should look a little deeper—you yourself,
Ere two days pass—will you not?—all in honour,
As you would call it—fool this poor child's fancy,
And swear,—your casuistry will then be silent—
How from your soul you love her—love her ever.

FAUST.

Yes, and such oath is true—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

—As any other;—
And then of everlasting faith and love
Will be the talk,—of all-absorbing passion—
Of the one feeling—felt but once—for one:
Will this, too, be a language that the heart
Can recognise as true?

FAUST.

Peace, fiend! it will,
If that I feel, and if for the emotion—
The frenzy call it, rather—I still seek

A name and can find none—if through the world
My fancy ranging seeks analogies
That are, and ever must remain, imperfect—
If words that speak of time be insufficient
Even feebly to express this burning feeling,
And that, thus forced, I call it endless—deathless—
Eternal—yes, eternal—say you that
Language like this is a Satanic lie?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet I am right.

FAUST.

Hark ye—take this with you—
I'll spare my lungs, and cease to argue further—
But, as I said, take this with you ;—no matter
What side a man adopts, or of what subject—
If he has but a tongue, he'll not want reasons
To prove him in the right : as now, for instance ;—
I'm tired of talk—you then are in the right—
You must be, sure, I have no help for it.

THE GARDEN.

MARGARET *on* FAUST'S *arm*, MARTHA *with*
MEPHISTOPHELES.—*Walking loiteringly up*
and down.

MARGARET.

You do but play with my simplicity,
And put me to the blush. A traveller
Learns such good nature—is so pleased with all
things
And every body :—my poor talk, I know,
Has no attraction, that could for a moment
Engage the attention of a man, who has
Seen so much of the world——

FAUST.

One glance—one word—
One little word from thee, I value more
Than all the wisdom of th' world's wisest ones.
[*Kisses her hand.*

MARGARET.

How could you think of it? How could you kiss it?
It is so coarse—so hard—is spoiled with all work
On every day—how could it but be coarse?
My mother's habits are too close—my tasks
Are too severe. [*They pass on*



"ONE LITTLE WORD FROM THEE, I VALUE MORE."

MARTHA.

And are you—are you always travelling thus?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Alas! that claims of business and of duty
Should force me to it. We feel pangs at parting
From many a spot where yet we may not loiter.

MARTHA.

In youth's wild days, it cannot but be pleasant
This idle roaming round and round the world,
With wildfire spirits, and heart disengaged;
But soon comes age and sorrow; and to drag,
Through the last years of life, down to the grave

A solitary creature—like the wretch,
Who moves from prison on to execution—
This must be bad for body and for soul.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You make me shudder at the dreary prospect.

MARTHA.

Be wise—secure yourself in time. [*They pass on*]

MARGARET.

Yes!—out of sight, soon out of mind.
I feel this courtesy is kind;—
That you, who must have many a friend
Highly informed, should condescend
To speak with one in my poor station.
Of such neglected education,
—In every thing so unimproved—

FAUST.

Believe me, dearest, best beloved,
That, which the world calls information,
Is often but the glitter chilling
Of vanity and want of feeling.

MARGARET.

How?

FAUST.

Ah! that—singleness of heart,
And absence of all artifice,
—Gifts, as they are, above all price.

Heaven's holiest blessing—should be thus
Of their own worth unconscious !
That—meekness, gentleness, the treasure
Which Nature, who doth still impart
To all in love, and lavish measure,
Gives to the child, whom she loves dearest,—
Should——

MARGARET.

Think of me when you are gone,
A moment now and then—of you
I shall have time enough to think.

FAUST.

Your time is passed, then, much alone?

MARGARET.

Why, yes ; and then our house affairs,
Poor though they be, bring many cares.
We have no servant maid, and I
Must cook, knit, sew, must wash and dry ;
Run far and near—rise ere the light,
And not lie down till late at night.
And then my mother's temper's such,
In every thing she asks so much ;
Of saving has so strict a sense,
And is so fearful of expense ;
So anxious, so particular :
—Not that our circumstances are
So limited, as not to give
The means like other folk to live.

The property my father had,
And died possessed of, was not bad :
A house, and garden here, that yields
Something worth while, and some town fields
Just at the gates. My days, somehow,
Are tolerably quiet now—
My brother earns a soldier's bread
Abroad ;—my little sister's dead.
Trouble enough I had with her,
Yet cheerfully would I incur
Ten times the toil—so dear was she.

FAUST.

A very angel, if like thee !

MARGARET.

Even from its birth, the child I nurst—
And so it loved me from the first.
Born to distress—its father torn
Away by death, ere it was born.
My mother, worn out with disease—
We long had given her up for gone—
Recovering faintly by degrees,
Came slowly, very slowly on.
She had no strength—she could not think
Of nursing it—and so, poor thing,
I reared it ; for its natural drink,
With milk and water tried to bring
The creature on—and thus my own
It seemed to be, and mine alone—

Lay on my arm, and on my breast
Would play and nestle, and was blest.

FAUST.

This must have been the purest joy.

MARGARET.

Yet were there hours of great annoy—
Its cradle was by my bedside :
It kept me half the night awake,
To make it quiet when I tried.—
At times must I get up, to take
The little urchin into bed ;
This would not do—then must I rise,
Walk up and down with measured tread,
And seek with songs to hush its cries.
Then daylight brought its tasks to me :
Ere dawn must I at washing be—
Trudge to the market—light the fire ;
And if I felt the trouble tire
On one day, 'twas the same the next.
I felt dispirited, and vexed
At times ; but I was wrong in this ;
For, after all, his labour is
What gives a poor man's food its zest,
And makes his bed a bed of rest.

[*They pass on.*]

MARTHA.

We women are the sufferers : who can make
Any thing of a dissolute old rake ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet have I perfect faith in woman's skill ;
You may, for instance, make me what you will.

MARTHA.

But tell me plainly, have you never met
One whom you loved ?—thought you of marriage
yet ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A blessed state—in Proverbs we are told,
A good wife better is than pearls or gold.

MARTHA.

But is there none with preference you would name ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All are polite and every where the same.

MARTHA.

Have you no one in seriousness addressed ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With ladies can you think that I would jest ?

MARTHA.

You still mistake me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I regret to find

How slow I am ; but one thing to my mind
Is clear, that you are very, very kind.

[*They pass on.*

FAUST.

And so thou didst, my angel—didst thou not ?—
The moment that I came into the garden,
Remember me again, upon the spot ?

MARGARET.

Did you not see it ?—I held down my eyes.

FAUST.

And thou dost,—dost thou not ?—the freedom pardon
Which, as you passed from the Cathedral home,
I rashly took ?

MARGARET.

I felt so much surprise,
And was, I scarce can tell you, so confused,
And trembled like a guilty thing accused.
“ Into his head could such a thought have come ?—
What must he think of thee ?—there must have
been
Something improper in thy walk or mien ;
Something that gave this gentleman to see,
Here is a girl with whom you may make free.”
Yet must I own I did not then detect
How my heart pleaded for thee, nor suspect
I with myself was angry, that, with thee,
As angry, as I ought, I could not be.

FAUST.

Sweet love!

MARGARET.

One moment wait.

[She plucks a star-flower, and picks off the leaves one after another.]

FAUST.

Why pluck the star-flower?

—Do you wish a bunch of flowers?

MARGARET.

No, I just fancied

Trying a little game of chance.

FAUST.

What mean you?

MARGARET.

You will laugh at me.

[She plucks off the leaves, and murmurs to herself.]

FAUST.

What are you murmuring?

MARGARET (*half aloud*).

He loves me—loves me not.

FAUST.

Angelic creature!



"HE LOVES ME—NOT—HE LOVES ME—NOT."

MARGARET.

He loves me—not—He loves me—not—

*[As she plucks off the last leaf with eager delight,
He loves me!]*

FAUST.

Yes, my child, deem this language of the flower
The answer of an oracle—"He loves thee!"
Dost thou know all the meaning of "He loves thee?"
[Holds both her hands.]

MARGARET.

I am all over trembling.

FAUST.

Tremble not!
Oh, let this look, this pressure of the hands,
Say, to thee, what no words can say: henceforth
Be our whole being lost in one another
In overflowing joy—that lives and lives
For ever and for ever! could it end,
It were—but no, it cannot, cannot end!

[MARGARET presses his hands; disengages herself from him, and runs away. He stands for a moment, thoughtful, and follows her.]

MARTHA.

The night is coming on.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We should be going.

MARTHA.

I would invite you to stay longer, but
We live in a censorious neighbourhood.

They seem to have nothing to think of or to do
But watch the doors, and who go in and out :
Do what you will, your doings will be misconstrued :
But our young couple—saw you them ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Up yonder walk—gay butterflies—
They've flown

MARTHA.

He seems
Caught.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she too. 'Tis the way of the world.

A SUMMER HOUSE.

MARGARET *runs in; fixes herself behind the door; holds the tip of her finger to her lips, and peeps through the crevice.*

MARGARET.

He comes.

FAUST.

Ah, rogue! and do you thus provoke me?
I've caught you at last. *[Kisses her.]*

MARGARET.

[Embracing him and returning the kiss.]
Dearest and best, with my whole heart I love thee.
[MEPHISTOPHELES knocks.]

FAUST *(stamping)*.

Who's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A friend.

FAUST.

A brute.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Full time to go.



"I'VE CAUGHT YOU
AT LAST."

MARTHA (*comes up*).

'Tis late, my lord.—

FAUST.

May I not see you home?

MARGARET.

My mother would—farewell.

FAUST.

Must I then go?—

Farewell.

MARTHA.

Adieu !

MARGARET.

To meet again, and soon.

[*Exeunt* FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.]

MARGARET.

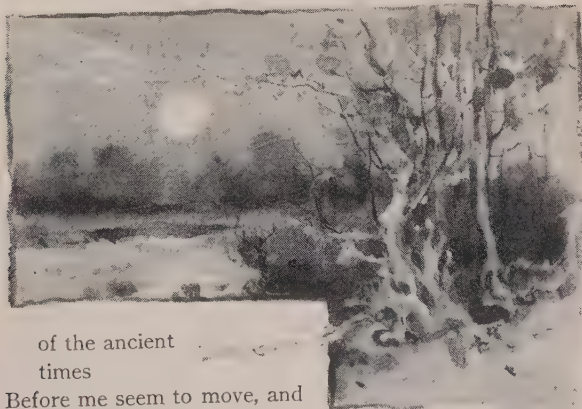
How many things a man like this
Must know ;—and I had but a “ Yes,
For every thing he said ;—confused
By every word ; yet he excused
Each fault of mine. What can it be,
That thus attaches him to me ?

FOREST AND CAVERN.

FAUST (*alone*).

Yes! lofty Spirit, thou hast given me all,
All that I asked of thee; and not in vain,
In unconsuming fire revealed, hast thou
Been with me, manifesting gloriously
Thy presence—thou hast looked on me with love,
—Hast given me empire o'er majestic Nature;
Power to enjoy and feel! 'Twas not alone
The stranger's short permitted privilege
Of momentary wonder that thou gavest;
No, thou hast given me into her deep breast
As into a friend's secret heart to look;
Hast brought to me the tribes of living things:
Thus teaching me to recognise and love
My brothers in still grove, or air, or stream.
And when in the wide wood the tempest raves,
And shrieks, and rends the giant pines, uproots,
Disbranches, and, with maddening grasp uplifting,
Flings them to earth, and from the hollow hill
Dull moaning thunders echo their descent;
Then dost thou lead me to the safe retreat
Of some low cavern, there exhibiting
To my awed soul its own mysterious nature!
Of my own heart the depths miraculous,
Its secret inward being all exposed!
And when before my eye the pure moon walks

High over-head, diffusing a soft light,
Then from the rocks, and over the damp
 wood,
The pale bright shadows



of the ancient
times
Before me seem to move, and
mitigate
The too severe delight of earnest
thought !—

"THE PURE MOON WALKS HIGH
OVER-HEAD."

Alas ! even now I feel MAN'S joys must be
Imperfect ever. The ecstatic bliss,
Which lifts me near and nearer to the gods ;
This is thy gift ; but with it thou hast given,
Inseparably linked, this vile associate,
Whom I abominate, but cannot part :—
Cold, insolent, malicious, he contrives
To make me to myself contemptible ;

And with a breath will scatter into nothing
All these high gifts ; with what officious zeal
He fans my breast into a raging flame
Of passion, to possess that perfect form
Of loveliness ! Thus, from desire I pass
On to enjoyment, and, uneasy still,
Even in enjoyment languish for desire !

[MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*.]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Have you not had enough of this before ?
A pretty kind of life to live for ever !
Well enough for a trial. Come, come, let us
Seek something new.

FAUST.

I wish you had something else
To do than thus torment me when I'm quiet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well ! well ! and if you wish I'll leave you here
To your delights—never say it again.
Great loss to me, indeed, 'twould be to lose
A petulant, unsocial, crazy creature
Of a companion—kept the whole day long
Busy, and never can make any guess
From my lord's countenance, whether your worship
Is pleased or is displeased by what I do.

FAUST.

Ay, there's the tone—that is so very like him :
Tires me to death—expects me then to thank him !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor child of earth ! and couldst thou, then, have
borne
Thy life till now without my aid ? 'Twas I
That saved thee from imaginations idle !
I guarded thee with long and anxious care ;
And, but for me, even now thou wouldst have been
Idling in other worlds ! Why sittest thou there,
Lingering in hollow cave, or rifted rock,
Dull as the moping owl ? Why, like the toad,
Dost thou support a useless life, deriving
Subsistence from damp moss and dripping stone ?
Sweet pastime this ! most charming occupation !
I fear you've not forgotten your old trade.

FAUST.

Couldst thou conceive what added life is given
In hours like this, passed in the wilderness,
And couldst thou feel it—still thou wouldst remain
The devil thou art—still hate and poison it !
Wouldst grudge the short delight——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Delight indeed !

Yes, transcendental rapture !—mighty fine !—
In night and dew lying among the hills,
In ecstasy embracing earth and Heaven—
To swell up till you are a kind of god—
To pierce into the marrow of the earth
In a fool's fancies—all the six-days' task

Of the creation in thy breast to feel—
 And in the pride of conscious power enjoy
 I know not what of bliss,—to cherish love
 That has no limits, but must overflow
 Till it loves every thing that is—till earth
 And man's poor nature, in the trance forgotten,
 Has passed away—and then the glorious hour
 Of intuition ending—how it ends
 I must not say——

FAUST.

Fie, fie upon thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes!

“Fie, fie!”—it does not suit your taste, forsooth—
 Fie, fie! this mannerly word sounds very well
 In your mouth now. The modest ears are closed,
 And will not hear of what the modest heart
 Yet cannot go without. Good, good!—a word,
 However, upon what you said—I grudge not
 To you or any man such pleasure, as
 He now and then may feel, in playing tricks
 Of self-deception; pity 'twill not last.
 You are already blown out of your course—
 Are almost what you were when first we met;
 And, if you don't take care, will fret yourself
 Soon into actual madness—frenzy-fever,
 Or melancholy horror. For your own sake
 Have done with this: your love, poor creature! sits
 Within there,—you should soothe her! All with
 her

Is sad and gloomy—out of her poor mind
You never are : she loves devotedly,
Poor thing !—on thee she thinks—thinks evermore.
First came the flood of thy o'erflowing passion,
As swells, when the snows melt, a mountain brook
Above its banks—and thou into her heart
Hast poured the sudden gush ; and now the brook
Is dry with thee again : methinks 'twere well,
Instead of reigning here among the woods
On an imaginary throne, that you
Would comfort the young monkey, and requite
The poor thing for her love,—to her the time
Seems miserably long—she lingers at
The window, gazes on the clouds that pass
Slow o'er the old town-walls. “ Oh that I were
A little bird !” she cries. This is her song
All the day long, and half the heavy night !
One moment is she mirthful—mostly is
Sad,—then she weeps till she can weep no more ;
Then, as 'twould seem, she is at rest again.
But mirth or grief, whatever the mood be,
This all is love—deep, tender, passionate love.

FAUST.

Serpent—vile serpent !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Ay, and one that stings.

FAUST.

Infamous wretch, begone ! name not her name—



"SHE LINGERS AT THE WINDOW."

Pollute it not—stir not into desire
My half-distracted senses.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What is this?—
She deems herself abandoned—and is right.

FAUST.

Off, viper !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You are raving—I am laughing :
What a hard task it is, forsooth—just think,
And let it cure your spirits,—you are going
Not—as to look at you one might believe—
Not to the gibbet—but to a fond mistress !

FAUST.

What were the joys of Heaven, though with them
blest
In her embrace?—could my disquiet be
Stilled on her bosom? could it hush to rest
This drear presentiment of her undoing?
And am I not the outcast—the accurst—
The homeless one, whose wanderings never cease—
The monster of his kind? No rest for me—
No aim—no object; like the stream, that, nurst
With swelling rains, foaming from rock to rock,
Along its course of ruin,
On to the inevitable precipice—
Plunges impatient down the blind abyss,
And violently seeks the desperate shock.



And—by the side
of such mad
stream—was
she,

—A child with a
child's feelings;
—her low cot

In the green field
upon the moun-
tain-slope,

And all that she
could wish, or
love, or hope,

Her little world, all
—all in that poor
spot;—

And I—the Heaven-
detested!—was
it not

Enough, that the
mad torrent
grasped and tore

The rocks, and shivered them to dust, and
bore

All, that opposed me, in my downward course

On with me?—Her, too, her—her peace—her
joy—

These must I undermine?—these too destroy?

Hell! Hell!—this victim also!—Thy support,

Devil! and the dreadful interval make short!

What must be, be it soon! Let the crush fall

Down on me of her ruin—perish all—
She—I—and these wild thoughts together !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What ! in the fever-fit again ?
How seethes and burns the muddy brain !
—Idiot, go in, and comfort her.

Thus is it ever with the crazy pate,
When difficulties thwart,
Or unforeseen calamities occur :
Fools, when they cannot see their way,
At once grow desperate,
Have no resource—have nothing to propose—
But fix a dull eye of dismay
Upon the final close.
Success to the stout heart, say I,
That sees its fate, and can defy !
—Yet art thou, though of such soft stuff,
In most things pretty devil enough ;—
Of all insipid things, I least can bear
That sickening dose—a devil in despair !

MARGARET'S OWN ROOM.

MARGARET (*alone at the spinning-wheel*).

(Sings.)

My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore :
I have lost him, and lost him,
For evermore !

The place, where he is not,
To me is the tomb,
The world is sadness,
And sorrow and gloom !

My poor sick brain
Is crazed with pain,
And my poor sick heart
Is torn in twain !

My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore,
For lost is my love
For evermore !

From the window for him
My heavy eyes roam ;
To seek him, all lonely
I wander from home.

His noble form,
His bearing high,
The smiles of his lip,
And the power of his eye ;

And the magic tone
Of that voice of his,
His hands' soft pressure,
And oh ! his kiss !

My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore ;
I have lost him, and lost him,
For evermore !

Far wanders my heart
To feel him near,
Oh ! could I clasp him,
And hold him here !

Hold him and kiss him,
Oh ! I could die !
To feed on his kisses,
How willingly !

MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET—FAUST.

MARGARET.

—Promise me, Henry.

FAUST.

Be assured, my love.

MARGARET.

Now tell me how you are as to religion?
You are a dear good man—but, I rather fear
You have not much of it.

FAUST.

Forbear, my child,
You feel I love you, and for those I love
I would lay down my life. I would not rob
Any one of his feeling, or his church—

MARGARET.

'Tis well—but more than that—we must believe.

FAUST.

Must we?

MARGARET.

Oh, had I any influence!
—You honour not the holy sacraments?

FAUST.

I honour them.

MARGARET.

But you do not receive.—
At mass or shrift 'tis long since you have been.
Do you believe in God?

FAUST.

Forbear, my love ;
Who can say truly, " I believe in God ?"
—Ask it of priest or of philosopher,
And the reply seems but a mockery
Of him who asks.

MARGARET.

Then thou dost not believe!

FAUST.

Misunderstand me not, thou best-beloved :
Who can name Him, and, knowing what he says,
Say, " I believe in Him ?" And who can feel,
And, with self-violence, to conscious wrong
Hardening his heart, say, " I believe Him not !"
The All-embracing, All-sustaining One,
Say, doth He not embrace, sustain, include
Thee ?—Me ?—Himself ?—Bends not the sky above ?
And earth, on which we are, is it not firm ?
And over us with constant kindly smile,
The sleepless stars keep everlasting watch !
Am I not here gazing into thine eyes ?



"THE SLEEPLESS STARS KEEP
EVERLASTING WATCH."

And does not All, that is,
—Seen and unseen, mysterious all—
Around thee, and within,
Untiring agency,
Press on thy heart and mind ?
—Fill thy whole heart with it—and when thou art
Lost in the consciousness of happiness—
Then call it what thou wilt,
Happiness !—heart !—love !—GOD !
I have no name for it—Feeling is all ;
Name, sound and smoke,
Dimming the glow of Heaven !

MARGARET.

This is all good and right ;
The priest says pretty much the same,
But in words somewhat different.

FAUST.

Every where,
All hearts beneath the universal Heaven,
In its own language each doth utter it—
Then why not I in mine ?

MARGARET.

Made easy thus
'Tis plausible—yet must it be unsafe :
Thou art no Christian.

FAUST.

Hush, my child.

MARGARET.

I grieve to see the company thou keepest.

FAUST.

What do you mean ?

MARGARET.

The man whom thou hast ever at thy side,
I hate him from the bottom of my soul.
In my whole life, has nothing given my heart
So deep a wound, as that man's alien visage.

FAUST.

Beloved, fear him not.

MARGARET.

The very sight of him makes my blood thrill !
To most men I feel kindness—but him
Do I detest ; and with a feeling strong,
Strong as my love for you—strong as my wishes
To have you with me—does a secret shudder
Creep over me when I behold this man.
He is—I cannot be deceived—he is
A villain ;—God forgive me, if I wrong him !

FAUST.

He's a queer fellow—do not mind his oddities.

MARGARET.

I would not—could not, live together with him.
If for a moment he comes to the door,
He will look in with such an air of mockery,
And a half scowl, and a face dark with anger
Kept down—you see he has no interest
In any thing—'tis written on his brow
He feels no love for any living soul—
And when I am so happy in thy arms,
In the sweet confidence of love forgetting—
Forgetting every thing but thee, then—then
He's sure to come, and my heart shrinks and
 witheres !

FAUST.

Foreboding angel, these are weak misgivings !



"WITH SUCH AN AIR OF MOCKERY, AND A HALF SCOWL."

MARGARET.

The feeling overmasters me so wholly,
That if he does but join us, straightway seems it
As if I ceased to love thee—where he is

I could not pray. 'This eats into my heart.
Henry, it cannot be but that you feel
In this as I do.

FAUST.

This is antipathy.

MARGARET.

I must away.

FAUST.

Alas! and may I never
Meet thee, where none can come to trouble us?
One little hour—and must it never be?—
Heart prest to happy heart, and soul to soul!

MARGARET.

Ah, that I slept alone! This very night
How gladly would I leave the door unbolted!
But then my mother's sleep is far from sound;
Did she awake and find you there, I should,
Methinks, drop dead upon the spot.

FAUST.

Dear angel, throw aside such fears; this phial
Take with you. Three drops of it only, poured
Into her drink, wrap nature up in sleep,
Deep tranquil sleep.

MARGARET.

I must do as you bid.
Could I refuse you?—'Twill not injure her?

FAUST.

It will not : otherwise would I advise it ?

MARGARET.

Dearly beloved, if I but look on you
I must obey—I cannot hesitate :
There is a something not to be resisted,
Which overpowers me—makes your will my guide
In every thing ; and having gone so far
Already, is choice left me ? Having given
So much, what is there for me to refuse ?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*enters*).

The monkey ! is it gone ?

FAUST.

Again—

Spying ?—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, and I heard quite plain
The doctor schooled,—the catechumen
Getting a lesson in his creed,
And catechism, from a young woman,
Just now ; I hope that it agreed
With you ! The girl's anxiety
For sentimental piety
Is soon explained. The man, think they,
Who worships in the good old way,
When his priest bids him kneels and bows,
Is likely to obey his spouse :

This of itself ensures his wife
A quiet, fair and easy life.
The women fancy, and the fact is
Confirmed, or often so, in practice,
That their admirers are most found
Where your religious men abound—
Love is almost the same emotion :
The devotee—such is their notion—
Thus for the sex feels true devotion,
Courts amorous thoughts and mystic dreaming,
Is led by priests, and follows women.

FAUST.

Oh ! what a monster must thou be,
To see not, or with scoffing see,
How this poor girl's affections lead
The pious creature thus to plead ;
The faith, in which she moves and lives—
That which alone salvation gives—
So she believes—may make her fear
Danger to one whom she holds dear ;
Fear for the issue of a strife
Where more, she feels, is risked than life !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most sentimental sensualist,
—Philosopher at once and beast,—
Led by the nose by a young flirt !

FAUST.

Abortion—spawn of fire and dirt !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*scornfully*).

—On Physiognomy she also lectures
Profoundly—feels, when I am present,
Sensations strange and most unpleasant :
—Suppressed malignity my smile betrays ;
I wear a mask, forsooth, I will not raise,
And what it hides she sapiently conjectures,
Something mysteriously allied to evil,
A genius—or, perhaps, the very devil.
To-night then.

FAUST.

What's to-night to thee ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've my amusements too—we'll see.

AT THE WELL.

MARGARET *and* LIZZY (*with pitchers*).

LIZZY.

Have you not heard of Hannah's pretty doing?

MARGARET.

No, not a word—I've been but little out.

LIZZY.

Kate told it me to-day—there's not a doubt
Of its truth. This comes of airs and impudence :
I always said her pride would be her ruin.

MARGARET.

What mean you?

LIZZY.

What I mean all know but you—
Why, when she eats and drinks she's feeding two.

MARGARET.

Poor thing!

LIZZY.

Poor thing, indeed ! great pity for her;
Why, she was always finding some pretence
To be in company with this adorer



"HAVE YOU NOT HEARD OF HANNAH'S PRETTY DOING?"

Of hers ;—at every party—every walk—
How she made out a time for private talk !
Would hang upon his arm, and still be seen
For evermore with him, at booth or green.
She thought herself so fine, none could come near
her ;
And then their feastings—cakes and wine must cheer
her
After their rambles : then her vanity
About her beauty almost like insanity—
And then her meanness—think of her insisting
Upon his making handsome presents to her—
Then came soft words, when there were none to
listen,
Then all a girl can give she gave her wooer !

MARGARET.

The poor, poor thing !

LIZZY.

And do you pity her ?
When *we* were kept close to our wheels, and when
Our mothers would not suffer us to stir
Abroad at night, or loiter with the men,
Then were they on the seat before the door,
Or in the dark walk lingering evermore ;
Now for the stool and white sheet of repentance ;
For one, I feel no sorrow at her sentence.

MARGARET.

Poor creature ! but, no doubt, he'll marry her.

LIZZY.

He!—he'll be no such fool—
 the de'il may carry her,
 For what he cares—they say
 that he is off ;
 He'll find another market soon
 enough.

MARGARET.

That is not fair.

LIZZY.

'Twill be almost as bad,
 We will so plague her—if she
 get the lad ;—
 The wedding garland, should
 she think to wear it,
 From the mock virgin shall the
 children tear it ;
 And, at her door, what fun we
 shall have, spreading
 Chopped straw, to greet the
 promise of their wedding.

[Exit.

MARGARET (*returning home*).

How I would rail when some
 poor girl went wrong !
 How, when it was another's sin
 and shame,



"OR IN THE DARK WALK LINGER-
 ING EVERMORE."

Words of reproach would rise up to my tongue !
It was, it was black—oh how black, and I
Blackened it more and more—no words of blame
This virtuous scorn of mine could satisfy—
Others might fall, but I more proud became—
I blessed myself, and held myself so high,
And I who thus could feel—am I the same ?
But could I—who could—have resisted here ?
All was so good ! all was so very dear !

ZWINGER.—A LITTLE SHRINE.

*In a niche of the wall an image of the MATER
DOLOROSA, with flowers before it.—MARGARET
places fresh flowers in the bowls.*

MARGARET.

Mother benign,
Look down on me !
No grief like thine ;
Thou who dost see
In his death-agony
Thy Son divine.

In faith unto the Father dost thou lift up thine eyes ;
In faith unto the Father dost pray with many sighs.
The sword is piercing thine own soul, and thou in
pain dost pray,
That the pangs which torture him, and are thy
pangs, may pass away.

And who my wound can heal,
And who the pain can feel,
That rends asunder brain and bone ?
How my poor heart, within me aching,
Trembles and yearns, and is forsaken—
Thou knowest it—thou alone !



"NOTHING THAT DOES NOT MY OWN GRIEF BETOKEN."

Where can I go? Where can I go?
Every where woe! woe! woe!
Nothing that does not my own grief betoken;
And when I am alone,
I moan, and moan, and moan,
And am heart-broken.

The flowers upon my window sill,
Wet with my tears since dawn they be;
All else were sleeping, while I was weeping,
Praying and choosing flowers for thee.

Into my chamber brightly
Came the early sun's good morrow;
On my restless bed, unsightly,
I sate up in my sorrow.

Oh, in this hour of death, and the near grave,
Succour me, thou, and save!
Look on me with that countenance benign.
Never was grief like thine,—
Look down, look down on mine!

NIGHT.

STREET BEFORE MARGARET'S DOOR.

VALENTINE (*a soldier—MADGE'S brother*).

Till now, as round the canteen hearth,
My comrades, in their drunken mirth,
Would of their favourites gaily boast,
And pledge with soldier's glee the toast ;
How on my elbow I would rest,
Smile as each swore his own the best,
And stroke my beard, and raise my glass,
And when my turn to name the lass
Came round, would say, " Each to his taste ;
In my own home my heart is placed.
Where is the maiden, any where,
That with my Margaret can compare ?
Is there than Madge's in the land
A truer heart or fairer hand ?"
Oh, then, how cups and goblets rang,
While voices rose, with joyous clang :
" Right, right," in chorus, hundreds cried,
" First of them all—the country's pride—
His sister is"—and dumb and tame
The boasters suddenly became.
And now—oh, I could rend my hair,
Could dash my brains out in despair ;—



"GNAWING MY WRATH MUST I REMAIN."

Now must I feel my bosom gored
By daggers in each casual word,
And every ruffian's sneering eye
And scornful taunt my patience try ;
Gnawing my wrath must I remain,
And suffer and suppress my pain,
Nor dare say any word again ;
As hears the debtor gibe and curse,
Who meets a claim with empty purse.
Avenge it—what can vengeance do ?
Must I not feel the taunt is true ?

See yonder ! sneaking out of sight,
Two skulking scoundrels.—Am I right ?
—'Tis he—would Heaven that it were he—
He scarce shall 'scape me if it be.

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

See, in the window of yon sacristy,
How from its little lamp the constant light
Streams up—while, at the sides, less and less bright,
'Tis fading—till it dies in the thick night
That deepens round—and thus is it with me—
Darkness on every side around me spreads.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And I am like the thievish cat that treads,
Prowling along, up ladders and down leads—

A nibble in the dark—there's no harm in it—
Or snatching on the roof a stolen love-minute.
Already do I feel the power,
The fun and frolic of the hour ;
The advent of WALPURGIS NIGHT
Bids every limb thrill with delight :
Another night—another day,
And then the glorious FIRST OF MAY ;
Then to the Brocken fare we forth,
Then learn that life is something worth.

FAUST.

Behold yon blue light glimmering !
Is that the treasure ? Lurks it there ?
And will it from the dark earth spring ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

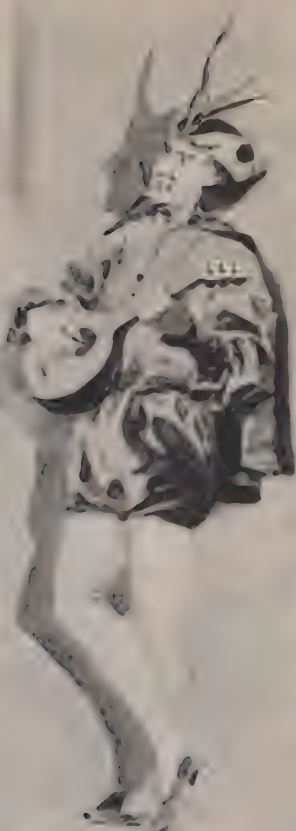
Be patient—you shall shortly bring
The casket into open air :
I peeped into the secret hoard,
And saw the lion-dollars stored.

FAUST.

What ! merely money ? who would think it ?
What good is this ? no ring—no trinket ?
No ornament for the dear girl ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh yes ; there are some beads of pearl.



WHILE I SING SOME BARS OF AN OLD SONG."

FAUST.

I am glad of it,—it is not pleasant
To go to her without some present.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Is there then no such thing as pleasure,
But what you may by payment measure?
I differ there with you—but see,
The Heaven is hushed, and full of stars :
Now for a moment favour me
With silence—while I sing some bars
Of an old song—a sweet old air,
Touched with true skill—a moral song
That lures the heart and will along.

(Sings to the guitar.)

Why, Catherine, stay
At dawn of day,
At dawning gray,
Before the younker's door?
The merry blade
Lets in the maid,
That out a maid
Never departeth more !
Beware—beware,
And guard, ye fair,
Your hearts with care.
Poor things, beware of men—
Oh, listen not to anything

They may say, or swear, or sing,
Till on the finger is the ring—
Beware, say I again.

VALENTINE (*comes forward*).

What brings ye here? whom come ye to destroy,
Cursed rat-catchers?—to the devil with the lure—
To the devil with the scoundrels.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well done, boy,
The poor guitar is cracked beyond all cure.

VALENTINE.

Now for his skull.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now, Doctor, now's your time.
Courage—stick close—that's a brave fellow :
Have at him—just do as I tell you—
Out with your duster—thrust away—
I'll parry.

VALENTINE.

Parry that.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Child's play!
Easily done.

VALENTINE.

And that.



MEPHISTOPHELES.

As easy quite.

VALENTINE.

The devil assists him in the fight—
My hand is wounded.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now thrust home.

VALENTINE.

Oh, torture !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The clown's done for—come,
We'd best be off—have not a minute
To lose—already is the cry
Of murder raised—and although I
Know the police, and have friends in it,
This is a very ugly scrape.
To manage it in any shape
Perplexes me.

MARTHA (*at the window*).

Up !—up !—

MARGARET (*at her window*).

A light !

MARTHA.

Railing and scuffling—how they fight !



"A LIGHT!"

PEOPLE (*in the street*).

One of them is already dead.

MARTHA.

Seize on the murderers—are they fled?

MARGARET (*coming out*).

Who is it?—who?

PEOPLE.

Thy mother's son.

MARGARET.

Oh God!

VALENTINE.

I die—said soon—soon done !
Women, why stand you wailing, crying ?
Will you not listen ? I am dying.
Margaret, take counsel, you are still
Young, and conduct your business ill ;
I speak in confidence—you are
A strumpet—throw away pretence—
Be one in earnest—there were sense
In this—be one thing or the other.

MARGARET.

My God ! what can you mean, my brother ?

VALENTINE.

Best let the name of God alone !
That which is done, alas ! is done.
The past is past—the wretched game
You play is every where the same,
Begins in folly—ends in shame.
First one man visits—then, less private,
Another ; soon the coy beginner
Will welcome all, till she arrive at
The streets, and is a common sinner.

When SHAME is born, she shrinks from sight,
Draws over her the veil of night,
Trembles at every stir, and tries
Of hood and cloak the mean disguise,
Yea—unfamiliar yet with sin—
Would hush the warning voice within.

On moves she unobserved, unknown ;
But bigger soon, and bolder grown,
Walks, hand in hand, the broad highway,
With SLANDER, in the eye of day,
And as her features, marred and coarse,
From hour to hour look worse and worse,
While men behold her with affright,
She stalks affronting the daylight.

Already do I see the day,
When all, with loathing, turn away
From thee, as from a plague-struck corse,
I see the gnawings of remorse :
—Abandoned outcast of the street,
How wilt thou bear their eyes to meet ?
Never, as once, the golden chain
To wear in pride—never again !
Never again, that fairest face,
To shine at church, in the high place,
And never more the dance to grace ;—
No more in modest pride to deck
With frills of snowy lace thy neck ;
But in some filthy nook to lie,
'Mong strumpets live—'mong beggars die ;
And find, for thee, heart-broken one,
Though God has mercy, Man has none.

MARTHA.

Pray, dying man, for mercy ; dread
To heap God's curses on thy head !

VALENTINE.

Fiend, could I tear thy leprous skin !
Procuress ! sordid slave of sin !
Then might I rest, my conscience freed
From every weight by that one deed.

MARGARET.

My brother—oh, what agony—
Brother, forgive—I grieve for thee.

VALENTINE.

Cease weeping thus for me : thy fall—
That was the sharpest wound of all.
Fearless I go—as fits the brave—
To God and to a soldier's grave.

CATHEDRAL.

SERVICE.—ORGAN AND ANTHEM.

MARGARET *among a number of people*.—EVIL
SPIRIT *behind* MARGARET.

EVIL SPIRIT.

How changed is every thing
With thee, poor Margaret,
Since when, still full of innocence,
Thou to this very altar
Didst come, and from the little old thumb'd
prayer-book

Didst lisp the murmured prayers ;
Half with the children out at play,
In a child's happy fancies, thy young heart,
And half with God in Heaven.

And dost thou, canst thou think? . .

Thy brain, where wanders it? . .

In thy heart oh what a weight

Of guilt, of evil done !

Prayest thou for thy mother's soul—

She who through thee did sleep and sleep away
Into undying agonies ?

And on thy door-stead whose the blood ?

And in thy bosom is there not

A stirring, that is torture,

And with foreboding fears

Makes felt the present woe ?

MARGARET.

Woe, woe !

Oh that I could escape
These dark thoughts flitting over and athwart me,
And all accusing me !

CHOIR.

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA.

EVIL SPIRIT.

The judgment arrests thee—
The trumpet is sounding—
The graves are a-stir—
And thy heart,
From the sleep of its ashes,
For fiery torture
Created again,
Awakes up and trembles.

MARGARET.

That I were out of this—
I feel as if the organ
Stifled my breathing.
And that the anthem was
Breaking my heart.

CHOIR.

JUDEX ERGO CUM SEDEBIT,
QUIDQUID LATET ADPAREBIT,
NIL INULTUM REMANEBIT.

MARGARET.

I feel so tightened here,
The pillars of the wall
Are grasping me ;
The arch above
Weighs on me.—Air !



"WOE!"

EVIL SPIRIT.

Hide thyself—sin and shame
Will find thee out—
Oh, never were they hidden—

Air—light—exposure—
Woe's thee !

CHOIR.

QUID SUM MISER TUNC DICTURUS,
QUEM PATRONUM ROGATURUS,
CUM VIX JUSTUS SIT SECURUS.

EVIL SPIRIT.

From thee their countenances
The sons of light all turn.
To reach to thee their hands
Makes the pure shudder—
Woe !

CHOIR.

QUID SUM MISER TUNC DICTURUS.

MARGARET (*fainting*) *to the girl next her.*
Your flasket, friend.

WALPURGIS NIGHT.

HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

SHIRKE AND ELEND.

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would not a broomstick be a good thing here
For a tired man to ride ? I wish I had got
A buck-goat, rough and tough—neck thick, trot
quick :

The road is long, and we are loitering,
The time just come—the place still far away.

FAUST.

While I feel firm upon my limbs, the road
Thus wild and intricate but pleases me ;
And this knobbed staff affords support enough.
Why should we wish the way more short ? To steal
Silently through the deep vale's labyrinth,
And issuing thence to climb these rocks, from which
The bubbling water gushes up for ever,
And streams a white precipitous cataract—
'Tis this—'tis this that makes such paths delightful.
The stirring breath of spring hath waked the birch,
And the slow pine already feels her power—

Shall we alone of all that live and breathe
Remain uninfluenced by her cheering spirit?

MEPHISTOPHELES.



"AND STREAMS A WHITE PRECIPITOUS
CATARACT."

I can feel nothing of it—all within
With me is winter—give me the bleak snow,
And the cold ice upon my desolate path.
With what a red and melancholy light
The waning moon's imperfect orb is moving,
Casting faint, cold, unserviceable beams,
And making each step dangerous — lest the foot

Dash 'gainst some straggling tree or jutting rock;
I'll call a wildfire Will-o'-the-Wisp to light us.

See, there is one burns bright and merrily.
The freakish spark, look, how he flings away
On the regardless night his spendthrift splendour.
Holla ! my friend, come join our company ;
Come, come, instead of wasting idly there,
Come be the pilot of our perilous way,
Move on, and light us through the desert moors.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

Yours most respectfully—I'll strive to serve you ;
But it is struggling against nature—devious
And zig-zag is our customary course.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ha, ha !—ha, ha ! he thinks to mimic man ;
Go straight—for once—in the devil's name, go
straight—
On, saucy spark, on—or I'll blow thee out,
Poor gleam of marsh-light life.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

'Tis plain to see
That the master of the house is here—my lord,
I will be all I can be, to oblige you,—
But, think, the hill to-day is mad with magic ;
And, if we should not go the straightest road,
Remember that your guide is but a meteor.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, METEOR (*alternately*).

SONG.

Into the magic world, the centre
Of fancies strange and dreamy science,
By a meteor led, we enter,
His wild light our best reliance.
Then, Meteor, guide us on in haste,
Through regions lonely, wide, and waste.

Woods—how swift they vanish by us !
Trees on trees—how fast they fly us !
And the cliffs, with antic greeting,
Bending forward and retreating,
How they mock the midnight meeting ;
Ghastly rocks grin glaring on us,
Panting, blowing, as they shun us !

Trickling on, through sward and stone,
Rill and rivulet run down—
Murmuring and rustling near,
Voices meet and mock the ear ;
Sweet sounds greet us from above :
Are they—are they words of love ?
Tender tones, that from the wild wood
Whisper back the days of childhood ?
All that was, when we were young,
EDEN to the heart, now meets it.
And the rock, with airy tongue,
Recalls, restores, the enchanted song,
And lingering in love repeats it.

How the song of echo chimes
Like the voice of other times !

Tu-who !—Tu-who !—the owl's in view—
Nearer, clearer, comes his hooting—
Through the dusk air see him shooting—
The long-horned owl, with pinions gray,
The blind bat borne in circles dizzy,
The crow—the lapwing—and the jay,
Are wakeful all—all out and busy—
See lizards in the green twigs tender,
With heavy paunch and long legs slender—
Every where strange sights we see—
Are they what they seem to be ?—
Here's many a twining plant that flings
Round rock and root its serpent strings,
And seeks to dart, in eager watch
The heedless journeyer's foot to catch,
From close-compacted living masses
Its angry fangs on each who passes ;
Every where around us playing,
Many-coloured mice are straying,
Numberless, 'mong moss and heather ·
And the fire-flies crowd together,
With buzzing motion, swarming, crushing,
Round our meteor leader rushing !

We be strangers here who stray,
Natives of the hills are they,
Gleesome creatures bright and gay,
Merry guides ! hurrah ! hurrah !—
Wild the escort—wild the way !

Tell me, tell me, where we are—
We have wandered fast and far—
Is our wizard journey ended ?
Is the Brocken yet ascended ?
Round us every thing seems wheeling,
Trees are whirling, rocks are reeling—
All in rapid circles spinning,
With motion dizzying and dinning,
Every thing that round us races
Makes grotesque and fiendish faces ;
Swelling, puffing, multiplying,
On all sides wild-fire lights are flying.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come, be alive—so far, so well ;
We're at the half-way pinnacle.—
The worst is over now—catch fast
My mantle, while we turn and cast
A glance beneath us on the mines
Where MAMMON in the mountains shines !

FAUST.

What a strange glimmer stains the ground,
Like the dull heavy clouds around
The east, ere yet the sun ascends :
Far down the dusky hue extends,
For leagues below earth's surface spread,
A gloomy—thick—discoloured red,
Tinging the dreary sides of this
Desperate, hope-deadening precipice—

Here rises
 smoke, there
 vaporous
 whiteness,
But yonder what
 a blaze of
 brightness
On every object
 round is
 gleaming!—
Now in a narrow
 thread 'tis
 streaming,
And now the il-
 luminating
 current
Bursts sparkling
 like a winter
 torrent,
Here, round the
 vale, you see
 it wind,
In long veins del-
 icate and
 slender,
And there in
 bondage
 strict con-
 fined,



"FIRMLY SEIZE THE OLD PROJECTIONS OF
THE RIBBED ROCK."

It brightens into burning splendour!
A thousand sparks, like gold-dust, sprinkling

The waste air, are before us twinkling,
And see the tall rock kindling, brightening,
Glows with intensity of lightning—
Turret,—'twould seem—and fence and spire
Lit up at once with festal fire.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, is not Mammon's princely hall
Lit gaily for our festival!
I'm glad you've seen it—the wild night
Bodes storm, that soon will hide it quite—
Already is it swept from sight—
Wild work is on the winds—I see already
Omens that say the boisterous guests are coming.

FAUST.

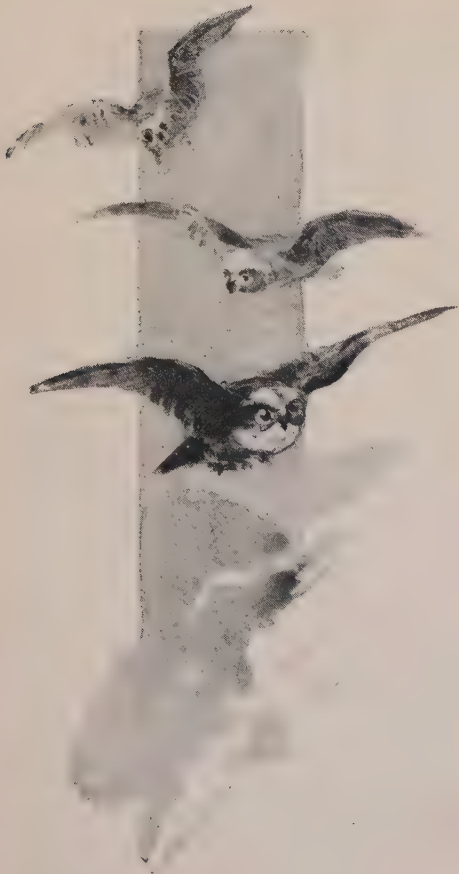
The angry gale blows insolently upon us!
How keen and cold upon my neck it falls,
Like strokes of some sharp weapon.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Firmly seize

The old projections of the ribbed rock—
Else it will blow you down into the chasm
Yawning below us like a sepulchre.

Clouds frown heavily, and hearken
How the wood groans as they darken,
And the owls, in fear and fright
At the stormy face of night,
Beat the air in homeward flight;



"AND THE OWLS, IN FEAR AND FRIGHT."

The halls of evergreen are shaking,
And their thousand pillars breaking,
Hearken how the tempest wrenches
Groaning trunks and crashing branches,
And the earth beneath is rifted,
And the shrieking trees uplifted—
Bole, and bough, and blossom cheerful,
Fair trees fall in ruin fearful ;
—How the haughty forest brothers
Bend and tremble !—how they fall !
How they cling on one another's
Arms !—each crushes each and smothers,
Till, tangled, strangled, down come all ;
And the wild Winds through the ruin
Are howling, hissing, and hallooing !
Down the valleys how they sweep,
Round and round, above and under,
Rend the giant cliffs asunder,
And, with shout and scream appalling,
Catch the mighty fragments falling !
How they laugh, and how they leap,
As they hurry off their plunder !
Headlong steep, and gorges deep,
Gulf, and glen, and rock, in wonder,
Echo back the stormy thunder !
——List !—I thought I heard a ringing
In my ear of voices singing—
Above—around us—faint, now clearer,
Distant now—now warbling nearer—
Now, all the haunted hill along,
Streams the maddening magic song !

WITCHES IN CHORUS.

On to the Brocken the witches are flocking—
Merry meet—merry part—how they gallop and
drive,
Yellow stubble and stalk are rocking,
And young green corn is merry alive,
With the shapes and shadows swimming by,
To the highest heights they fly,
Where Sir Urian sits on high—
Throughout and about,
With clamour and shout,
Drives the maddening rout,
Over stock, over stone ;
Shriek, laughter, and moan,
Before them are blown.

A VOICE.

Before the rest—beyond the best—
Who to lead the group is fitter ?
In savage pride see Baubo ride
On her sow about to litter.

CHORUS.

Baubo—honour to whom honour—
Benediction be upon her—
Forward, mother !—as we speed us,
Who so fit as thou to lead us !
Forward—clear the way before us !
Then follow we in screaming chorus !

A VOICE.

Whence came you ?

A VOICE.

Over Ilsenstein—

As I past I peeped into a nest,
And the night-owl, scared from her stupid rest,
Fixed her frightened eyes on mine !

A VOICE.

O go to the devil—why drive you so fast ?

A VOICE.

She grazed my side as she hurried past,
And the skin is sore and the blast is chill :
Look there—see where—'tis bleeding still.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

The way is long, and weary, and wide—
And the madman throng crowds on every side—
The pitchforks scratch, and the broomsticks scrape,
Will the child within escape,
When the mother, crushed to death,
Suffocating pants for breath ?

WIZARDS AND WARLOCKS. SEMI-CHORUS I.

Like the lazy snail, we linger and trail :
Our woman-kind, as fleet as the wind,
Have left us far and far behind—
On a road like this men droop and drivel,
While woman goes fearless and fast to the devil.

WIZARDS AND WARLOCKS. SEMI-CHORUS 2.

Swift they go, and swift they go,
And gain a thousand steps or so,
But slow is swift, and swift is slow.
Woman will bustle, and woman will juggle,
But yet at the end will lose the day,
For hurry and hurry as best she may,
Man at one long bound clears the way.

VOICES FROM ABOVE.

Come with us—come with us from Felsen-see,
From the lake of rocks to the eagle height
Of the hills—come with us—to-night—to-night !

VOICES FROM BELOW.

To wander above, is the thing we love.
Oh for one hour of this one night !
For one mad dance on the Brocken height !
When shall we join in the wild delight ?
We have washed, and washed, and washed us white
Again and again—we are barren quite—
But our hearts are a-glow, our cheeks are bright—
We have watched a-left—we have watched a-right,
And we hear the sound of the far-off flight
As they hurry away, and are swept from sight.

THE TWO CHORUSES.

That wind that scattered the clouds is dead,
And they thicken soon o'er the wandering moon :
She hides her head—and the stars are fled ;—



"BROOMS FLY FAST WHEN WARLOCKS
RIDE 'EM."

With a whispering, whistling,
drizzling sound,
And a fall of meteor fires
around—

Onward, onward, hurry, skurry,
The hell-driven rout of wizards hurry.

VOICE FROM BELOW.

Stop—stop—stop.

VOICE FROM ABOVE.

What voice is this
Calls to us from the
abyss?

Seems it that the words
just spoken
From the crannied rock
have broken?

VOICE FROM BELOW.

Stop—stop—stop—for
me—for me—

Guarded and bound with
slant rocks round—

Stop—stop—stop—and
make me free—

Three hundred years
moiling, three hundred
years toiling,

Hurry work—weary work—step after step;
I grasp and I grope, and in time I have hope
To climb to the top—sisters, stop—sisters, stop—
I anoint every joint, and I pray my own prayer,
In the May-sabbath night, to the Prince of the air.—
Are you not my kindred?—and why am I hind'ed
From mixing among you, and meeting him there?

BOTH CHORUSES.

Brooms fly fast*when warlocks ride 'em
Rams, with those who know to guide 'em;
Broken branches gallop lightly;
Pitchforks, too, make coursers sprightly.
A buck-goat or boar is as good as the best of them,
Each man for himself, and who cares for the rest of
 them?
Many an egg-shell air-balloon,
To-night will land at our saloon;
He who fails in his endeavour
To join us now, is gone for ever.

HALF-WITCH FROM BELOW.

Far away I hear their laughter,
Hopelessly I stumble after;
Cannot rest at home in quiet—
Here I cannot join the riot.

WITCHES IN CHORUS.

Strength is given us by this ointment—
We will keep to-night's appointment—

We can speed on sea, no matter
Were the sail a cobweb tatter ;
And a plank as weak and thin as
Snail's abandoned shell our pinnace ;
He who cannot fly to-night,
Will never soar a wizard's flight.

BOTH CHORUSES.

And when we've reached the topmost bound,
Like swallows skim the haunted ground ;
Far and wide upon the heath,
Spread your circling guard beneath ;
Watch and ward 'gainst treachery,
With all the hosts of witchery.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The air is heavy and oppressive,
And the whirling din excessive ;
Rattling with the ceaseless babble,
Of the tumultuous hell-driven rabble ;
Sultry, vaporous, and sickening ;
To a denser substance thickening,
Burning noisomely, and glittering
With fiery sparks for ever frittering,
Poisoning every thing it reaches,
Atmosphere for fiends and witches.
But cling more close to me, or we will lose
Each other soon—where art thou ?

FAUST (*from a great distance*).

Here I am !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What, lost already—torn away so far—
Then must I show that I am master here !
Make way, good people, for my young friend
yonder :—

Room for young VOLAND—room, sweet people,
room.

Here, Doctor, cling to me, and with one spring
We'll rid ourselves of the whole set at once.
They are too bad—this raving is too much
Even for me.—Look yonder at the blaze
Of brightness—a distinct and steady flame :
How different from all the brimstone torches
And wildfire lights that madden round the hill,—
It tempts me to explore that distant cove—
Come let us steal away from this wild crowd.

FAUST.

Spirit of Contradiction—well, lead on !
I cannot but admire the bright idea
Of wandering to the Bröcken in May-night,
To enjoy, forsooth, the charms of solitude.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See, see the lights ! how cheerily they burn !
There seems to be a merry set assembled,
A little party met of choice gay spirits.

FAUST.

Yet would I rather be above—see ! see !

Where through the whirls of smoke bursts the red
light,
And glows and triumphs—in what hurrying waves
Numbers on numbers evermore increasing,
The thickening throng streams onward—still—still
onward—
All under the resistless fascination—
All to the worship of the evil One—
The clue to many a puzzling mystery
May be found here—to-night will be unravelled
Many a strange riddle.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And strange riddles, too,
May be proposed to-night, and not unravelled—
But leave we the great world and its distractions,
While we enjoy our quiet corner here.
'Tis quite established that, in all large parties,
The guests divide in small and scattered circles—
See the young witches all are naked there,
And all the old ones with coy bashfulness,
Veiling their timid charms—come, come, look
pleasant,
If it were only to oblige a friend—
'Tis not much trouble, and we'll have rare sport.
I hear the music—curse upon their scraping !—
But 'twill sound better when we're used to it.
Come, come, I must insist upon your coming—
Come—I must introduce my honoured friend.
Well now, what think you ? Is not this a long
And splendid room ? You scarce can see the end !

A line of fires—at least a hundred, shine
Brilliantly : what a scene of gaiety
Of all kinds—chatting, dancing, drinking here—
Cooking, and making love—can any thing
In the world be pleasanter ?

FAUST.

In what character
Are we to know you—devil, or conjuror ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I travel, usually, *incognito* ;
But upon gala days the great display
Their stars and orders.—I've no need to sport
A garter—for the horse's foot is here
In high repute.—See you that sliding snail ?
Eye—smell—touch—all gathered up into one ?
Hither she creeps—her trembling feelers out—
Instinctively she knows that I am here,
And touching—smelling—eyeing, on prowls she,
Crowding herself together—wide awake—
Out of her frozen sleep suddenly roused.
Even if I wished disguise, it here would be
A thing impossible—come, come with me.
Forward from fire we saunter on to fire :
Play you the lover where I introduce you.

[*As they pass on, MEPHISTOPHELES addresses
a party sitting round a few dying embers.*
Old gentlemen, pray, how do you get on
In the corner here ? Why—sure you ought to be

Alive, and flirting in some merry circle.
See, where the gay young girls are giggling, yonder,—
If you are thus dull, you might have stayed at home.

GENERAL.

Who may trust a people's favour,
Though he fight for them for ever?
To nations, as to girls ungrateful,
The young are dear, the old are hateful.

EX-MINISTER.

Little now to prize or praise ;
—Give me back the good old days,
When kings and courts obeyed our call,
And ourselves were all in all.

PARVENU.

I was one of Fortune's pupils,
Disregarded doubts and scruples ;
Thus her golden gifts I found ;
Then, alas ! the wheel turned round.

AUTHOR.

How public taste declines !—they never
Read works that once were counted clever ;
—And then the critics—all invidious—
Pert, prating, ignorant, fastidious !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*who has suddenly assumed the appearance of extreme old age*).

I feel the world is waning into age ;
All things are ripening fast for the last day.
With feeble, tottering feet, for the last time,
I've climbed the witches' hill—the wine of life
Is low with me—and therefore 'tis that I,
An old man, think the world is on the lees.

HUCKSTER-WITCH.

Who'll buy ? who'll buy ?—great bargains going !
Rare things here to tempt the knowing !—
Stop and see them !—my collection
Well deserves minute inspection.
Such variety, in vain
Would you hope to meet again,
Of the curious articles,
Which your own old woman sells :
Rare and precious ! every one
Hath on earth its business done.
Will you have the dagger knife,
That hath drained a brother's life ?
Or the cup that held a draft,
Which was death to him that quaffed ?
—This was from a royal feast,
And a queen had drugged the bowl :
—This a chalice, and the priest,
—On him a confiding soul
Looked for comfort—poured in it
Venom of the aconite :

"THE DAGGER KNIFE THAT HATH ~~ENDURED~~ A BRIDE'S LOVE."



Here are trinkets—chain and gem—
Young man, you should purchase them—
Pearls, with which the wealthy donor
Won vain woman to dishonour.
Poor things! poor things!—the best and kindest
Fall soonest, for their heart is blindest,
And feels, and loves, and does not reason—
And they are lost—poor things! poor things!
—Here are swords, the gift of kings,
That have done the work of treason;
Or pierced, some coward hand directing,
The sleeping or the unsuspecting.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Old lady, you mistake the times we live in—
Every one's heart to novelty is given:
Throw out your box of relics—such antiques
As these no creature fancies now or seeks.
The past is dead and gone—the present passion
Is novelty—this trash is out of fashion.

FAUST.

Scarce know I who I am or where—
They crowd and rush as at a fair.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Forward the whirling crowd is striving,
All driven along the stream and driving,
All rushing on in one direction,
And each enjoying the reflection

That he to-night is his own sovereign,
That his own thoughts his movements govern,
Unconscious that the same broad river
Bears down its wave each self-deceiver.

FAUST.

Who's that?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Her features closely scan—
'Tis the first wife of the first man.

FAUST.

Who, say you?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

ADAM'S first wife, LILITH.
Beware—beware of her bright hair,
And the strange dress that glitters there :
Many a young man she beguileth,
Smiles winningly on youthful faces,
But woe to him whom she embraces !

FAUST (*looking at another group*).

The old grey witch—how she squats down—poor
devil !
Panting for breath—half-dead—fainting and floun-
dering—
And the young vixen with her finds the revel
Rather too much for her—she, too, is foundering.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nonsense, the fun will ne'er be over.
Advance, my friend, and play the lover.
Look, man, the girl's well worth the winning—
Come, join the dances just beginning.

[FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *take partners.*

FAUST (*dancing with the young witch*).

'Twas my fortune once to see
In a dream an apple-tree ;
Rosy apples—one, two, three—
With a glad smile tempted me ;
And to-night again I seem,
In the trance of that sweet dream,
Lovely is the tree I wis,
And the apple pleasant is.

HIS PARTNER.

Dear little apples—ay ! their price
Was more than gold in paradise—
And pleasant to the sight and touch
I come from gardens rich in such.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with the old witch*).

I had a troubled dream, and it
Was haggard as a night-mare fit.
I saw an old tree torn and split,
And yet it pleased me, I admit.

HIS PARTNER.

With lowest courtesy I salute
The gay knight of the Horse's Foot :
The tree of knowledge, trunk and root,
Is his—and his must be the fruit.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Cursed devils—how they murder
All attempts at keeping order :
All in vain it is to prove
To Spirits by what laws they move :—
Mocking at all regulation,
Ridiculing demonstration,
See them onward still advancing,
Ghosts ! like men and women dancing.

FAUST'S PARTNER.

Who's this presumes to interfere ?
What means the forward fellow here ?

FAUST.

What—he ?—why he is every where—
He never dances—but he guides
Opinion—disapproves—decides—
On carriage and the true division
Of time gives laws with calm precision.
While others *dance* he *criticizes*,
And all is perfect that he prizes ;
And what he does not prate about
Is but of small account, no doubt ;

Nay, such his wondrous powers of seeing,
What he beholds not has no being :
Our careless grouping must perplex him,
But dancing forward's sure to vex him.
The only figures he approves
Are where the set in circles moves,
Still turning his own humdrum round
Within the same contracted bound,
Holding, at times, grave consultation,
Listening to him with veneration,
As he with magisterial rigour
Commands a change of tune and figure.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Still here! defying me! this rabble
Of rude ghosts!—'tis intolerable!
What! restlessly still thronging hither?
Vanish from my sight—fade—wither—
How can men say that spectres haunt 'em?
—The mind, does it not make the phantom?
Who and what are they?—mere relations
That we may see or not at pleasure—
And here they come and—grant me patience—
Mix in the dance—converse at leisure.
I thought, that, by my labours brightened,
The world for this was too enlightened.
These devils—they rise, and in derision
Of all I say, still cross my vision.
What—beings, that have no existence,
To mock each law of time and distance!

Why, after this, the TEGEL ghost
May grin again at his old post.
I thought I'd swept away these fancies
Of plays, and poems, and romances !
Still here ! with all the noise of Babel,
These dreams of a forgotten fable !

FAUST'S PARTNER.

Silence, silence, old intruder !

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

What ! the ghosts are growing ruder—
How they beard me, in defiance
Of every inference of science !
Fiends, I tell you to your faces,
I will make you know your places !
What ! in public thus to fool us !
A mob of ghosts, forsooth, to rule us !

[*The dancing goes on.*

To-night—why this is Goblin-hall,
Spirits and spectres all in all.
My comments—what are they ?—the cavils,
Of a sour cynic on his travels,
A passing stranger's jealous spite.
—But Time will set the matter right,
Good sense assert its proper power,
Dethrone the tyrant of the hour,
And take revenge on my tormentors,
Goblins, and ghosts, and ghost-inventors !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He'll throw himself into a puddle :
There will he, stupefying, muddle,
Till leeches, clinging to his body,
Are weary of their banquet bloody :
For spirits sinking—spirits rising
The one cure is phlebotomizing ;
Delusions vanish soon—the leech
Diseases of the head can reach
And cure them—biting on the breech.—
Blue devils fade fast, and, disappearing,
Smile on the sage with aspect cheering.
The brain will thus correct and clear its
Vague whims, and vexing thoughts of spirits.
—Why have you quitted thus already
Your sweet and captivating lady,
Who sang so lovingly and well,
And danced so——

FAUST.

Why, I fear to tell ;
But from her mouth, while she was singing,
I saw a little red mouse springing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why start at trifles, my good fellow ?
'Tis well it was not grey or yellow.
What can these dull suspicions profit ?
The mouse—why make a mountain of it ?
A pretty sort of reason this is
To fly a loving lady's kisses.

FAUST.

And then I saw——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What ?

FAUST.

Look, Mephisto, there,
See you far-off, and shadow like, a fair
Pale form—a lovely girl—almost a child—
Standing alone—with sweet eyes, sad and mild ?
She looks on us—she moves—she leaves the place—
Her feet are bound—she slides with mournful pace.
I cannot from my heart dispel the wild,
Strange thought, that her's is my own Margaret's
face.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Repel that thought ; 'tis but an idle trick
Of heated fancy, and the form you see
Is nothing but a magic mockery.
To gaze on it most dangerous may be.
Charmed by its marble stare, the blood grows thick
And hardens into marble ; but ere now
You must have heard of pale MEDUSA'S brow.

FAUST.

Ah, no ! a corpse's eyes are those
Whose lids no loving fingers close.
'Tis she—that form—that face—that breast
So often to my bosom prest.



"SHE LOOKS ON US—SHE MOVES."

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fool! 'tis delusion! every lover
Would there his charmer's looks discover.

FAUST.

What mirth is here—and, oh! what grief—my
glance
Still—still returns to that pale countenance;
And see around her neck a slender chain,
That stripes the snowy skin with crimson stain:
Scarce broader than a knife's thin edge it gleams—
A strangely chosen ornament it seems.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, you are right; for I can see it too,
—But think no more of it than others do.
Be not surprised, if you should see her carry
Her head under her arm—'twere like enough;
For since the day that PERSEUS cut it off,
Such things are not at all extraordinary.
But see, all others here are pleasant;
Cease moping, and enjoy the present:
All round the hill is merriment—
Try thou the same experiment.
Never did crowded capital
A gayer throng together call;
And if my senses do not err,
Yonder's an open theatre.
—Well, what's your business?

SERVIBILIS.

We are just beginning—
'Tis a new piece—the last of seven—seven is
The customary number here—'twas written
By a young amateur of fancy—the actors
Are dilettanti all—your pardon, gentlemen,
But I must vanish—I'm an amateur
Myself—and for this one night draw the curtain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blocksberg for ever !—not a player
On earth but merits to be there !

WALPURGIS NIGHT'S DREAM;

OR,

THE GOLDEN BRIDAL OF OBERON AND TITANIA.

AN INTERLUDE.

MANAGER.

To-day our trouble is but small,
No need of nice machinery;
A valley moist and hill are all
The necessary scenery.

HERALD.

'Mong mortals with the fiftieth year
Of wedlock comes the Golden Feast—
A happier feast of gold is here
Commemorating discord ceast.

OBERON.

Subject spirits, crowd the scene,
Celebrate, with exultation,
The union of your king and queen,
This happy reconciliation.

PUCK.

Here comes Puck—you'll always find me
Circling in the merry dance,

And a hundred more behind me
Twinkling joyous feet advance.

ARIEL.

Sweet, heavenly sweet is Ariel's song.
What a crowd of hideous features
The music wins, and what a throng
Follows me of lovely creatures!

OBERON.

Men and wives who would agree,
We invite your imitation ;
The only certain recipe
For dying love is separation.

TITANIA.

If wife be cross, and husband fuming,
To make them know each other's worth,
To the South Pole take the woman,
And her husband to the North.

THE WHOLE ORCHESTRA.

Insect swarms, in murmuring flight,
Our musicians of the night,
Fly, and gnat, and bee, and beetle,
Ply mouth, nose, and winglet little,
Crickets, chirping, 'mong the bushes,
And hoarse frogs croaking from the rushes.

"SWEET, HEAVENLY SWEET IS
ARIEL'S SONG."



SOLO.

Hear the drowsy bagpipe groan,
The bag's a soap-blown bubble airy,
And grumbling through the winding drone
Come sullen sounds extraordinary.

EMBRYO SPIRIT.

Spider's foot and lizard's belly,
And winglets for the embryo !
The animated lump of jelly
Writes verses of the smoothest flow.

PARTNERS DANCING.

Little steps—light, springy leaps
Through honey-dew and field-flowers fragrant ;
How pleasant, but that something keeps
From fields of air the willing vagrant !

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

A thousand figures here burlesque
A masquerade's wild gaiety,
And mingling with the groupés grotesque,
See Oberon the little deity.

ORTHODOX DIVINE.

What ! without claws—without a tail !
Yet all whose thoughts are sober on
Such serious subjects know too well
The " GODS OF GREECE " and OBERON.

ARTIST FROM THE NORTH.

As yet my works are sketches merely,
Though you'll admit done prettily,
But I've made my arrangements nearly
For travelling in Italy.

FORMALIST.

What sinful, riotous excesses !
Fool that I was to join the crowd here—
Such shockingly indecent dresses !
And but a witch in two wears powder !

YOUNG WITCH.

Keep powder, patch, and petticoat
For grey-haired hags—skins smeared and sooty
While I sit fearless on my goat
In the free pride of naked beauty.

MATRON.

For scolding we've too much politeness—
Sneers like this are best forgotten.
Rosy cheek, and soft neck's whiteness,
May they soon be coarse and rotten !

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Insect-harpers, as you wander
Round the hall in many a ringlet,
Spare the naked beauty yonder
Wound of sting, or touch of winglet.

Grasshoppers from the green bushes,
Brown frogs croaking from the rushes,
Brave musicians for the night,
Watch that the tune and time go right.

WEATHERCOCK (*pointing in one direction*).

Well, what a brilliant company !
The girls how fair and unaffected !
And not a man but seems to be
For beauty from mankind selected !

WEATHERCOCK (*pointing in the opposite direction*).

What devils all ! unless the ground
Should cleave asunder to receive them,
I'll fly from this place, with one bound,
To hell, or any where, to leave 'em.

XENIEN.

Small as insects, here we bring
Our little sheers ; the crops we gather
Will be a grateful offering
To Satan, our liege lord and father !

HENNINGS.

What merry groupes are crowding there !
Up to every frolic started ;
And when they're gone—I won't say where—
We call them foolish, but good-hearted.

MUSAGET.

Oh happy, happy bard ! whom chance
To such a circle introduces,
With these I'd rather lead the dance
Than be Apollo with the muses.

GENIUS OF THE OLD TIMES.

Come, follow me through smooth and rough :
Cling close—there's little need of ceremony.
On Blocksberg we'll find room enough,
The wide Parnassus 'tis of Germany.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

What's yonder pompous fellow's name ?
With long and solemn strides he's pacing,
And, like a dog that snuffs the game,
The Jesuits, methinks, he's tracing.

CRANE.

I seek my prey in waters clear,
I seek it in the troubled rivers ;
This scene is my delight, for here
Are devils mixed with true believers.

WORLDLING.

For true believers every thing
Works good in ways all unexpected ;
With hymns the Blocksberg rocks shall ring
From many a convent here erected.

DANCER.

Is this another company,
With trumpets sounding—banners glittering?
No; 'tis the boreal lights I see:
From marshes hear the booming bittern.

DANCING-MASTER.

Devils—how they fling and jump—
Through the figure flounce and scuffle;
Spite of wooden leg and hump,
How they caper, cut, and shuffle!

FIDDLER.

Hatred in every heart! the tone
Of Orpheus' lyre, with charm celestial,
Soothed brutes; to-night the bagpipe's drone
Tames into peace the blind and bestial!

DOGMATIST.

Well, I'll maintain it—spite of sneer,
Or argument, or gibe uncivil—
I see a thousand devils here,
Which proves the being of a devil.

IDEALIST.

Imagination's power to-night
For my sensorium too intense is;
If I be all that meets my sight,
Then surely I have lost my senses.

REALIST.

Reality . . . is torturing me ;
I'm wearied with this scene of wonder ;
The ground—it seems the ground to be—
Gives way my tottering feet from under.

SUPERNATURALIST.

Here, for my system, as I rove,
Delighted I derive assistance ;
If there be devils, it must prove
Of angels also the existence.

SCEPTIC.

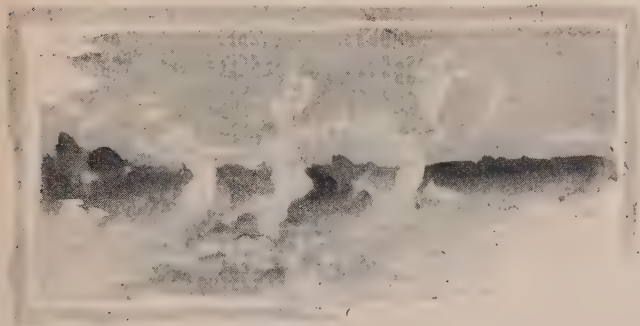
Misled they follow fairy rays,
That promise gold with gay delusion :
DEVIL and DOUBT, the proverb says,
And both increase to-night's confusion.

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Grasshopper among the bushes,
Brown frog croaking from the rushes,
Hell and all its devils haunt ye,
Good-for-nothing dilettanti—
Pretty sort of harmony,
Nose of gnat and snout of fly.

SHREWD FELLOWS.

Call us *Sans-souci*—for you know
That each of us, a gay philosopher,
If on his feet he cannot go,
Walks on his head, nor fears a toss over.



"FROM THE SINK AND SLOUGH WE COME, FROM THE HOLE OF
STEAMING NITRE."

AWKWARD CLUMSY CREATURES.

Oh once, Heaven help us! we could dance:
How pompously we then did swagger!
Now shoes out-worn, and sore feet torn,
Along the course we faintly stagger.

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

From the sink and slough we come,
From the hole of steaming nitre;
And yet, in all this dazzling room,
Shine there sparks more gay or brighter?

FALLING STAR.

Rapidly I shot from high,
With fiery course in brightness starry,
Here broken on the grass I lie,
With none to help me, none to carry.

HEAVY BODIES.

Places—places—round go we—
Where we dance how bare the sod is ;
Spirits move, and all may see
Spirits have substantial bodies.

PUCK.

Like awkward elephants they thump
The ground with clumsy hoofs and heavy ;
Strange shadows ! Puck alone is plump,
The sleekest spirit at the levee.

ARIEL.

If wings be yours—boon Nature's gift—
And if the spirit so disposes,
Then follow Ariel—follow swift—
Your guide to yonder hill of roses.

ORCHESTRA (*pianissimo*).

Daylight !—the cloud-built stage—the wreaths
Of vapour,—where are they ?
On reed and rush the free air breathes,
And sweeps the dream away.

A GLOOMY DAY.—A PLAIN.

FAUST.

In misery—in despair—long wandering in wretchedness over the wide world ; and now taken up—shut up in the prison as a malefactor—this gentle, unhappy creature—for horrid tortures. To this—and has it come to this ? Treacherous, worthless Spirit ! and this hast thou been concealing from me ! Stand, there, stand ! Ay ! roll the devil eyes furiously round in thy head—ay ! stand and defy me with thy unsupportable presence. Taken up—in distress irretrievable—given over to evil spirits—abandoned to—man—man that passes judgment, and is devoid of feeling ; and all this, while you have been lulling and rocking me and deluding me among loathsome dissipations, and hiding from me her continually increasing wretchedness, and have left her to perish without help !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first !

FAUST.

Dog ! abhorred monster ! turn him, oh, thou infinite Spirit, turn the reptile again into his dog's shape, in which it was often his pleasure to scamper before me by night, to roll before the feet of the

unthinking passer-by, and as he fell to fasten on his shoulders. Turn him again into his darling shape, that he may crouch upon his belly before me in the sand, and that I may trample upon him with my foot—the outcast ! Not the first ! Misery—misery—by no human soul is it to be fathomed how more than one creature should have sunk into the depths of this distress—that the first should not have suffered enough in her agonising tortures to secure the atonement of all the rest before the eyes of the All-merciful ! I feel marrow and life harrowed up by the misery of this one—only this one ! thou art grinning calmly over the fate of thousands !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At our wits' end we are again, it would seem, already—just where you mortals find the overstrained faculties snap. Why seek our society, if you cannot go through with it ? Think of flying; and yet art not proof against dizziness ! Did we force ourselves upon thee ? or thou thyself upon us ?

FAUST.

Show not thy thirsty teeth thus defyingly—I loathe thee. Great, glorious Spirit ! thou who didst deign to appear to me, thou who knowest my very heart and soul, why hast thou chained me with this companion who feeds on mischief, and battens on destruction ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Are you done ?

FAUST.

Save her, or woe to thee! The most horrible curse on thee for thousands of years.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loosen the avenger's fetters—I cannot open his bolts. Save her! Who was it that threw her into ruin—I or thou?

[FAUST *looks wildly around.*

Art thou grasping for the thunder? Well, that it has not been given to you wretched mortals! To dash to pieces one who stands in your way, however innocent—that is just the tyrant's way of rescuing himself in every perplexity.

FAUST.

Take me thither—she shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The danger to which you expose yourself—have you thought of that? The guilt of blood shed by your hand still lies on the town. Over the place where the murder was committed avenging spirits are hovering and watching for the returning murderer.

FAUST.

That, too, and from thee? Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster! Take me thither, I say, and set her at liberty.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will,—and all I can do I will. What that all is, listen till I tell you. Have *I* all power in Heaven and on earth? I will cloud the gaoler's senses. Do you possess yourself of the keys, and carry her off with human hand. Meanwhile I watch; the magic horses are ready, and I take you away. This much I can do.

FAUST.

Up and away!

NIGHT.—OPEN PLAIN.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES RUSHING ALONG
ON BLACK HORSES.

FAUST.

What are the figures near the gibbet doing?
Weaving, 'twould seem!



"EAST THEY MOVE, AND WEST THEY MOVE."

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No—rather boiling, brewing
Some filthy broth—mumbling some incantation.

FAUST.

East they move, and west they move—now kneel,
now bend down in prostration.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Witches worshipping their master.

FAUST.

They scatter something on the earth, and now seem
pouring a libation—
They sprinkle something in the air.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Forward! forward!—faster! faster!

PRISON.

FAUST (*with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before
an iron wicket*).

'Tis many a day since I have trembled thus.
Misery on misery heaped—a heavy burden,
More than man can endure, has weighed me down.
And here within these damp walls doth she live,
And is to die because she was deluded—
To die for that her brain was wild and frenzied.
And thou dost hesitate to go to her!
Dost fear to look upon that face again!
Onward, irresolute!—this wavering
Delays not death.

[*He takes hold of the lock.—Singing from within.*

Song.

*My mother! my mother!
The wanton woman—My mother hath slain me.
My father, inhuman, For supper hath ta'en me—
My little sister hath, one by one,
Laid together each small white bone,
'Mong almond blossoms to sleep in the cool;
And I woke me a wood-bird beautiful.
Fly away, fly away, all the long summer-day,
Little bird of the woods, fly away! fly away!*

FAUST (*opening the wicket*).

She feels not that her love is listening—



"WITHIN THESE DAMP WALLS DOTH SHE LIVE."

Hear the chains, as they clank, and the straw rustling.

[*He enters.*

MARGARET (*hiding her face in the straw of her bed*).

Woe! woe! they come! they come!--death, bitter death!

FAUST (*in a low voice*).

Hush! hush! 'tis I who come to rescue thee!

MARGARET (*rolling herself at his feet*).

Art thou a man? Have pity upon me.

FAUST.

Hush! hush! these screams and shrieks will wake
the keepers.

[*He takes hold of the chains to unlock them.*]

MARGARET (*throwing herself on her knees to him*).

Savage, who gave this cruel power to thee?

It is not more than midnight now—have mercy!

Is it too long a time to wait till morn?

[*She stands up.*]

And I am still so young—so very young!

And must I die so soon?—and I was fair—

And I was fair, and that was my undoing.

Oh, if my love were here—but he is gone—

Torn is my garland—scattered all its flowers—

Oh, do not grasp me with such violence—

Ah, spare me! sure I have not injured thee:

Let me not weep and pray to thee in vain!

Spare me—I never saw thy face before.

FAUST.

I must—I must endure this misery!

MARGARET.

I know that I am wholly in thy power—
Only permit me first to give my breast
To this poor child of mine : all the long night
I hugged it to my heart, they took it from me ;
They took away my child to torture me,
And now they say that I have murdered it,
And never never more shall I be happy :
And they sing songs about me—'*twas ill done ;*
It was ill done—so the old ballad runs.
Who told them I was meant in it ?

FAUST (*throws himself down*).

A lover, Margaret, lies at thy feet ;
He comes to undo these bonds—unloose these
fettters.

MARGARET (*throws herself beside him*).

Let us kneel down, and call upon the saints.
See ! see ! beneath us hell boils up—the devil
Is raving there below in hideous din !

FAUST (*aloud*).

Margaret—Margaret.

MARGARET (*with eager attention*).

That is my love's voice.

[*Springs up—her irons fall off.*

Where is he ?—Where ?—I heard my own love's
voice !

Now am I free, none, none shall keep me from him.
I'll clasp his neck, will lean upon his bosom ;
I heard him call,—he's standing on the threshold,—
I heard him call the name of Margaret ;—
Amid the noises and the howls of hell,
And threats, and taunts, and laughs of devilish
scorn,
I heard my own love's voice—his loving voice !

FAUST.

'Tis I.

MARGARET.

'Tis thou !—oh, tell me so once more !

[*Presses him to her bosom.*]

'Tis he, 'tis he—my pangs, where are they now ?
Dungeon, and chains, and scaffold, where are they ?
'Tis thou, and thou hast come to rescue me.
I am already free : look—there's the street
Where we first met—where first I saw my love—
And yonder is the cheerful garden, smiling,
Where I and Martha waited to receive thee.

FAUST (*striving to take her away*).

Come, come with me.

MARGARET.

Oh, stay a little while—
Some moments more—I love to stay with thee !

[*Caressing him.*]

FAUST.

Haste—haste—a moment lost we dearly rue it.

MARGARET.

So short a time away from me, my love,
Already hast forgotten how to kiss !
Why do I feel so sad upon your neck ?
Time was all Heaven was pressing down upon me
In all thy words,—in every look of thine,
Yes, very Heaven,—and then, then you did kiss me
As if you would smother me with your kisses !
Kiss me—now kiss me, love—or I kiss thee !

[She embraces him.]

Ah me ! your lips are cold—are dumb—are dead—
Where are my kisses, where ?—with whom have
you left them ?

Where is my love ? who robbed me of your love ?

[Turns from him.]

FAUST.

Come, come—take courage, follow me, my love.
I love thee with unutterable love ;
But follow me,—this one—this one request.

MARGARET (*turning to him*).

And is it thou, and is it thou indeed ?

FAUST.

Yes, yes ! But come !

MARGARET.

And do you break my chains !
And do you take me to your heart again !



"I DROWNED MY CHILD."

How is it you do not shudder at my sight ?
And knowest thou whom thou art delivering ?

FAUST.

Come !—the deep night is fading fast away.

MARGARET.

My mother, I have murdered her—my child,
I drowned my child—Oh was it not a gift
To thee and me ?—yes thee ! yes, thine ! and thou
art here,
I scarcely can believe it is thyself.
Give me thy hand—it is not then a dream ;
Thine own dear hand. Oh, God ! his hand is
moist—
Wipe, wipe it off ! methought it felt like blood !
What hast thou done ? Put up the bloody sword ;
I pray thee do.

FAUST.

Oh think not of the past ;
That which is done, is done. You are killing me.

MARGARET.

No, you must live. No, you have to remain,
I will describe to you the graves which you
To-morrow must see made ; the best place give
To my poor mother—near her lay my brother—
And by their side, a little space away,
But not too far from them must be my place—
And lay the little one on my right breast ;

No other will lie with me in that bed !
To nestle down in quiet side by side
To thee—oh what a happy thing it was—
A happy thing that never more can be.
I feel as if I forced myself on thee,
And that thou wert repelling my embrace ;
And yet thou art the same—and yet thy looks
Are good and kind, as they have ever been.

FAUST.

Oh, if thou feelest that 'tis I, come, come.

MARGARET.

What ? out there ?

FAUST.

Yes ! out into the free air.

MARGARET.

Ay, to the grave—does not death lurk without ?
Come to the bed of everlasting rest—
Yes, yes—that's all—that's all—not a step farther—
Are you going, Henry ? may I go with you ?

FAUST.

Come, come ; the gates are open, only come.

MARGARET.

I dare not go ; there is no help for me.
What good is it to fly ? My steps are watched.

It is a hard thing to be forced to beg,
And harder, harassed by an evil conscience.
'Tis hard to wander in a foreign land,
And then, whate'er I do, at last they'll seize me.

FAUST.

I will be with thee.

MARGARET (*wildly*).

Fly, fly,
Save thy poor child;
Away to the road,
By the side of the stream,
And across the path
That leads to the wood;
Then turn to the left,
And over the plank,
It lies in the pond.
Loiter not, linger not.
Still does it stir
With the motion of life.
The little hands struggle
More faintly and faintly,
Rescue! Oh rescue!

FAUST.

Recall thy wandering mind—be calm! be calm!
One step, and you are free.

MARGARET.

Oh, that we had but left that hill behind!

See there, my mother sitting on a stone—
icy-cold comes a dead hand on my temples.
My mother there is sitting on a stone,
And her grey head is trembling, and her eyes
Close, and she now has ceased to nod ; her head
Looks heavy, and she sleeps too long—too long—
Oh, when she sank to sleep how blest we were !
It was a happy time !

FAUST.

She listens not ;
Words have no weight with her. There is no way,
But forcibly to bear thee hence.

MARGARET.

Touch me not ; no, I will not suffer violence :
Seize me not with that murderer's grasp ; whate'er
I did was done for thee, my love. I did
Every thing my love asked me, willingly.

FAUST.

Day dawns—oh, hasten hence, my love ! my love !

MARGARET.

Day ! yes, 'tis day, the last, the judgment-day ;
My bridal-day it should have been ; tell none
That thou hast been with poor weak Margaret.
Alas ! my garland is already withered ;
We'll meet again, but not at dances, love :
The crowd is gathering tumultuously,

The square and street are thronged with crushing
thousands ;
The bell hath sounded ; the death-wand is broken ;
They bind and blindfold me, and force me on :
On to the scaffold they have hurried me ;
Down in the chair of blood they fasten me :
And now, through every neck of all that multitude
Is felt the bitter wound that severs mine.
The world is now as silent as the grave

FAUST.

Oh, that I never had been born !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears at the door*).

Away, or you are lost ;
This trembling, and delay, and idle chattering,
Will be your ruin ; hence, or you are lost ;
My horses shiver in the chilling breeze
Of the grey morning.

MARGARET.

What shape is that which rises from the earth ?
'Tis he, 'tis he, oh, send him from this place ;
What wants he here ? Oh, what can bring him here ?
Why does he tread on consecrated ground ?
He comes for me.

FAUST.

Oh, thou shalt live, my love,



"OH, SEND HIM FROM THIS PLACE."

MARGARET.

Upon the judgment-throne of God, I call ;
On God I call in humble supplication.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Come, or I leave thee here to share her fate.

MARGARET.

Father of Heaven, have mercy on thy child.
Ye angels, holy hosts, keep watch around me.
Henry—I am afraid to look at thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come—she is judged !

VOICE (*from above*).

Is saved.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Hither to me !

[*Disappears with FAUST.*

VOICE (*from within dying away*).

Henry ! Henry !

THE END.

